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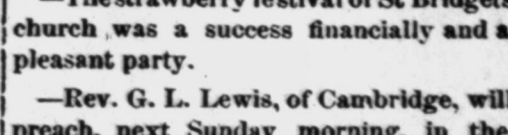
NO. 27.

ly, Mr. Reuben Sherbourne and wife, all being Bostonians.

Our purpose is to give a list of summer visitors at the hotels and boarding houses, and we will be glad to receive information from any source. We have a lock-box at the centre rail road station, where such lists can be placed, or we can be addressed through the mail.

—The strawberry festival of St. Bridget's

—Rev. G. L. Lewis, of Cambridge, will preach next Sunday morning in the



—The flag floating from the staff at the Russell House, is of neat design,—red letters on a white ground. It is a conspicuous object above the green trees.

—The Woburn High school nine defeated the Lexington High School nine by a

—Miss Jennie E. Davis, a colored teacher, will speak at Hancock church this (Friday) evening, upon the work in Liberia College, on the west coast of Africa.

—The ladies of the Baptist society will hold their annual sale and entertainment, postponed from June, on the 25th of July, at the Town Hall. Particulars will be announced.

—The Board of Health will hold its regular monthly meeting in the Selectmen's room, next Monday afternoon, at

—The "Church of the Redeemer," at East Lexington, will be closed from July 15 until the first of September for a short vacation. Sunday, July 24, the

—John Dinah found himself in the hands of the hands of the Boston police on Wednesday night. He threw a paper at the officer who put him on board of the

—The "Lexingtons" played quite an exciting game with the Roxbury nine, last Saturday afternoon, and defeated

them by a score of 7 to 1. The best features of the game was the pitching and catching of both nines, and the heavy batting of Davis, who made two, two base hits and a single; also the first base

—The following is the list of officers chosen at the annual business meeting of the L. H. S. A. A. for the year commencing Nov. 1, 1883:—

President, Mr. Geo. H. Reed.
Vice-presidents, Mr. Alfred Peirce,
Miss Nellie H. Parker
Mr. Frank H.

Miss Nellie H. Parker, Mr. Frank H. Reed.
Secretary, Miss Gertrude Pierce.
Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Mulliken.
Executive Committee, Mr. Herbert G. Locke, Mrs. Lucy Whiting, Miss Alice Munroe, Miss Elsie L. Shaw, Mr. Harry W. Davis, Mr. Geo. W. Sampson.

BEDFORD NOTES.

ual bell ringing, bon fires, fire-works, etc., commencing at 12 o'clock. A procession of antiques and horrors made a very creditable show, "Bennie from Tewkesbury" closing with an oration delivered upon the common.

The late changes made by the Boston & Lowell railroad, in the running of trains, is a great advantage to Bedford in every way. Nearly all the vacant ten-

Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford, of Jersey City, N. J., is spending a part of her vacation with her son, Rev. Mr. Hanaford, pastor of the Carey church.

The vestry of the Carey Church has been thoroughly renovated, and now presents as neat and attractive appearance as could be desired. The amount expended was about \$125, which was

raised by the Sabbath school, each class making a contribution. The work was done under the direction of Mr. John B. Perault, of Belmont, in a most satisfactory manner.

It is proposed to hold a series of union open air praise meetings on the common, Sunday afternoons.

SUMMER.

See where the summer comes with heat of days
And garlanded with lily and with rose,
Down the bright garden's fragrant, sheltered ways,
With rhythmic footsteps dreamily she goes.
Not here she stays her steps, but passes through,
With pensive mien, the tasseled fields of corn,
Where late the evening stored its wealth of dew—
Jewels too early stolen by the morn.

But at the eventide she pauses where
The water-lilies float upon the pool,
And tender is the perfume-burdened air,
And the night breezes moist and soft and cool.

'Tis thus I give the summer all my praise,
'Tis thus I love her in her sweet repose,
Not with the passionate heat of summer days,
Though garlanded with lily and with rose.

—Mrs. T. W. Deering, in the Century.

FOR HIS BROTHER'S SAKE.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF A LIFE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

The governor pardoned John Brisben, a penitentiary convict to-day. He was sent up from Bourbon for fifteen years for forgery, and had ten years yet to serve. Our readers are familiar with the history of this case, and the humane action of his excellency will be generally commended.—Frankfort (Ky.) Yeoman.

I read this little paragraph and my mind went back six years. I knew John Brisben, and I also knew his twin brother Joseph. I was familiar with the details of the action that placed John Brisben in a felon's cell, and now when the sad affair is brought back to mind so vividly I must write it out, for never before have I met, in prose or poetry, in real life or in romance, a greater hero than plain, matter-of-fact John Brisben.

The Brisbens came of good stock. I think the great-grandfather of my hero emigrated to Kentucky when Kenton's Station, between the present city of Maysville and the historic old town of Washington, was the principal settlement on the "dark and bloody ground." He came from Upper Pennsylvania, and located about five miles from the Ohio river, on Limestone creek. He was an industrious, strong-limbed, lion-hearted old fellow, and in a few years his surroundings were of the most comfortable description. One of his sons, Edwin Brisben, once represented Kentucky in the Federal Congress. I think he was the grandfather of John and Joseph Brisben. Their father's name was Samuel, and he died when they were little children, leaving his widow an excellent blue-grass farm and a snug little fortune in stocks, bonds and mortgages. The widow remained a widow until her death. Mrs. Samuel Brisben was a good woman, and she idolized her twin boys. Like most twins, the brothers resembled each other in a striking manner, and even intimate acquaintances could not tell them apart. But although the physical resemblance was so strong there was great dissimilarity in the dispositions of the twins. Joseph Brisben was surly and morose, sometimes cunning and revengeful. He was withal a dreamer and an enthusiast; a man well learned in books, a brilliant, frothy talker when he chose to be sociable (which was seldom), a splendid horseman, and a most excellent shot. John Brisben, on the contrary, was cheerful and bright, honorable and forgiving. He was a man of high moral principle, intensely practical and methodical, cared little for books, and, although he said but little, was a splendid companion. He was a poor horseman, and I don't think he ever shot a gun in his life. He saw nothing of the poetry of life, and as for sport, he enjoyed himself only when hard at work. He loved his brother, and when they were boys together suffered punishment many times, and uncompromisingly, that "Jodie" might go scot free. His life was therefore one constant sacrifice, but the object of this loving adoration made but shabby returns for his unselfish devotion.

They were twenty years old when their mother died very suddenly. Joseph made a great pretense of grief, and was so hysterical at the grave that he had to be led away.

John, on the contrary, never demonstrative, took the great affliction with his customary coolness. He said but little, and shed no tears.

The property left to the boys was considerable. The day they were twenty-one years old the trustees met and made settlement. There was the blue-grass farm valued at \$50,000, and \$100,000 in well invested securities which could be turned into money. Joseph demanded a division.

"You can take the farm, Jack," he said. "I was never cut out for a farmer. Give me \$75,000 in money for my share."

So this sort of a division was made. John continued on at the homestead, working in his plain, methodical way, and slowly adding to his share of the money what he could raise out of the profits of the farm. Joseph, with his newly-acquired wealth, set up an establishment at the nearest town, and began a life of pleasure-pleasure of the grosser sort. His brother gave him no advice, for he knew it was useless. Joseph spent his money with great prodigality, and before he knew it he was a beggar. In the meantime John's \$25,000 had doubled itself. One day Joseph came to him with a full confession of his pecuniary troubles:

"Jack," he said, "I am not only a beggar, but I am heavily in debt. Help me out like a good fellow, and I will settle down and begin life in sober earnest. With my capacity for business I can soon make money enough to repay you. I have sown my wild oats, and with a little help I can soon recover all that I have squandered so foolishly."

For an answer John Brisben placed his name to an order for the \$25,000 he had earned so laboriously.

"Will that be enough, Jodie?" he asked, "because I have as much more, which you can have if it is necessary."

"This will be sufficient, old fellow," was the reply. "In two years I will pay it back."

He went back to town, drew his money, paid his debts, sold some of his horses and discharged several of his servants. Twenty thousand dollars was left out of the loan. He invested this in business, and for a while seemed to have really reformed. John was encouraged to say:

"Jodie will come out all right. He is smarter than I, and in five years will be worth more money than I could make in a lifetime."

In less than three years Joseph Brisben's affairs were in the hands of his creditors, and a sheriff's officer closed out his business. Again he turned to his brother for help and sympathy.

"I own that I managed a trifle carelessly," he said, by way of explanation. "Experience is a dear teacher, and the lesson I have learned I shall never forget. If you come to my assistance now I can soon recover myself."

Once more John Brisben placed his name to a check payable to the order of his brother, and Joseph entered into business again. In two years he was a bankrupt.

"I shall never succeed in business, Jack," he said. "Help me out of this trouble and I will live with you on the farm. I shall succeed as a farmer."

It took all of John Brisben's hoard to pay his brother's debts, but he made no complaint, uttered no reproach. He said:

"I am glad you are coming back to the farm, Jodie. You need no work, and we will be very happy together."

So Joseph took up his residence at the farm, and remembering his brother's words, devoted his time principally to hunting, fishing and riding about the country. In the meantime John Brisben had fallen in love, and the daughter of a neighboring farmer, Compton by name, was his promised wife. Being a man of strict honor himself, and having full confidence in his brother, he did not object when Joseph began to pay his affianced very marked attention.

"I'm glad he likes her," he thought. "I am so busy on the farm that I have little time for pleasure, and Alice is so fond of amusement."

One night Joseph came to him just as the shadows of evening were beginning to fall. There was a triumphant ring in his voice when he spoke.

"Jack, old boy," he said, holding out his hand, "congratulate me. I think that from to-day I can date the beginning of a new life. Alice Compton has promised to be my wife."

He was too much engrossed with his new happiness to see the effect of this announcement as portrayed on John's face. He did not notice how a strong man's hand trembled in his own.

"Is this true?" faltered John at last.

"Why, of course it is. Are you not glad? We love each other and shall be very happy."

"We love each other, and shall be very happy!" repeated John mechanically, and all the sunshine of his life sank behind the heavy clouds of despair. "Yes, Jodie, I am glad, and I wish you long years of happiness."

He turned away and staggered, rather than walked, to his own room. He did not stir all night. Once a deep, sobbing groan struggled through the window fell full upon his face, and surprised two great tears stealing down his pale cheeks. He brushed away this evidence of weakness and sorrow, and when the morning came no one looking into his calm, serene eyes would have guessed how hard was the battle that had been fought and won in that lonely chamber.

They were married, and the man rejected by the bride and supplanted by the groom was the first to congratulate the newly-married pair. A vacant house on the farm was fitted up for their reception, and John Brisben's money paid for the furnishing.

"Hereafter, Jodie," he said, "we will divide the profits of the farm. I don't need much, and you shall have the larger share."

Ten years passed away, and John Brisben, an old man before his time, still worked from dawn till dark that his brother might play the gentleman and keep in comfort the large family which the years had drawn around him. It had been necessary to mortgage the old homestead to raise money to pay Joseph's gambling debts, for of late years he had played heavily and had invariably lost.

One day—it was in the summer of 1877—a forged check was presented at one of the banks at the shire town, by Joseph Brisben, and the money for which it called was unhesitatingly paid over to him. He was under the influence of liquor at the time, and deeply interested in a game of cards for high stakes which was in progress. The check was for \$2,500, I think. Before daylight the next morning Joseph Brisben had lost every dollar of it. To draw his chagrin he became beastly drunk, and while in this condition an officer arrived and apprehended him for forgery and uttering a forged check. The prisoner was confined in jail, and word of his disgrace was sent to John Brisben. The latter read the message, and a mist came over his eyes. He groaned audibly, and but for a strong effort of the will would have fallen to the floor, so weakened was he by the shock.

"She must not know it," he said to himself, and he made instant preparations to visit his brother. When he reached the jail he was admitted to the cell of the wretched criminal. The brothers remained together for several hours. What passed during the interview will never be known. When John Brisben emerged from the jail he

went straight to the magistrate who had issued the warrant for the apprehension of Joseph Brisben.

"Squire," he said, in his slow, hesitating way, "you have made a mistake."

"In what way, Mr. Brisben?" asked the magistrate, who had a high regard for his visitor.

"You have caused the arrest of an innocent man."

"But"—began the magistrate.

"Issue an order for my brother's instant release. He is innocent of the intent to do wrong. I am the guilty man. I forged the name of Charles Ellison to the check which he uttered. He did not know that it was a forgery."

"You" cried the astounded magistrate. "You a forger—impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible in these days," said the white-haired old man, sternly. "I alone am guilty. My brother is innocent."

So stoutly did he aver that he was the forger that the magistrate reluctantly issued a warrant for his arrest, and at the same time wrote an order to the jailer for the release of Joseph Brisben.

"My constable will be in soon," said the magistrate, but the old hero picked up both the papers.

"I will not trouble him," he said; "I will execute both papers."

And he did. Handing the jailer both papers, he explained their meaning thus:

"They have made a mistake. It is I who am to be your prisoner. My brother is innocent."

Accordingly, Joseph Brisben was released and returned to the farm. John remained at the jail a prisoner. When the extraordinary affair became known several prominent citizens offered to go on the accused man's bond, but he would not accept their kind offices. At the trial he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment at hard labor in the penitentiary. Joseph came to see him before he was removed to Frankfort, but their interview was a private one.

Joseph Brisben remained at the farm, but he was a changed man. From the day of his release from jail down to the time of his death he was never known to touch a card, and a drop of liquor never passed his lips. Last April he died, and his confession, duly sworn to before a justice of the peace, was made public after his burial. In substance it was this: That he was guilty of the forgery for which his heroic brother was suffering a long imprisonment.

"It was my brother's wish, not mine," reads the document. "He insisted that he who had no ties of blood or marriage could better suffer the punishment and the disgrace than I who had dependent upon me a large family."

Noble John Brisben! Of such stuff are heroes made.—Colonel G. W. Symonds, in Detroit Free Press.

Dress Coats for Minstrels.

A merchant tailor of Liberty street, Pittsburg, relates a quaint anecdote about the fashions of two score years ago. When he first went into business he succeeded his father. It was thirty years or more ago, and among the stock were 300 fine, black swallow-tail coats, just then going out of fashion. They were invoiced at a nominal figure.

About ten years after, a theatrical agent dropped in the store one day and asked the cost of making twenty dress coats for a minstrel organization. The merchant bethought him of the 300 stored away, and in a twinkling disposed of two score. The news spread among the theatrical people, and within the next two years fully 100 more were disposed of. Twenty years have passed, and of the original 300 coats, deemed almost worthless, but ten remain, and the merchant has reaped quite a harvest. Nearly every minstrel organization visiting Pittsburg has replaced its stage wardrobe from the stock of coats designed to grace the society gentlemen of thirty years ago.

Money Not Thrown Away.
"Your daughter graduates this month, Mr. Taistlepod?"

"Yes, she'll be home about the 20th, I reckon."

"And your son graduates, also?"

"Oh, yes; he'll come home about the same time."

"And what are they going to do?"

"Well, said the old man, thoughtfully, "I don't just exactly know what they do want to drive at, but Martly she writes that she wants to continue her art studies on the continent, so I think I'll just send her to Greece in the dairy and let her do a little plain mod'ling in butter, and Sam he says he's got to go abroad and polish up a little, and as good luck will have it, he'll be home just in time to spread himself on the grindstone and put an edge on the cradle blades against the wheat harvest."

And the old man smiled to think that he hadn't thrown money away when he sent his children to school.

A Florida Orange Nursery.
The Starke (Fla.) Telegraph says: One of the finest sights in America in the way of an orange nursery may now be seen at Temple's Mill. The nursery contains over one hundred thousand young orange trees, all in a thrifty and growing condition. This nursery, the property of Mr. W. C. Temple, is now worth, at the lowest calculation, over \$5,000, and is well worth a visit to see.

Larger than Jumbo.
There has arrived at Liverpool, consigned to a local naturalist, an elephant which is perhaps the largest captive animal in the world, for, though not quite so high as Jumbo, it is more bulky, weighing nearly five tons. Its trunk at the thickest part has a circumference of three and a half feet.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

South Carolina has a blind man who is a carver in wood.

Indian cotton cloth is mentioned by Herodotus, was known to the Arabians in the time of Mohammed, and was brought into Europe by his followers.

One of the English governors of New York, Lord Cornbury, used to amuse himself by dressing like a woman and promenading around the Battery.

A gigantic floating fish cannery, which was built at Victoria, B. C., has went to sea. It will follow the runs of fish from river to river, and all the work will be done on board.

A noted caterer says: If green peas are shelled and then are put in dry open-mouthed bottles, and are shaken together so as to occupy as little space as possible, then are corked tightly and are sealed, they will keep three or four months. They must, however, be buried in dry earth in the cellar.

Saxony has some very curious laws concerning servant girls. For instance, the mistress is required to allow the servant one pound of butter and one pound of coffee per month, or the equivalent in money. If the servant furnish her own bedding, she receives one and one-half cents extra per night for so doing. Seventy-five cents per month is allowed the servant for her washing, and she receives five per cent. on all purchases she makes. She must give a month's notice before leaving her place, and must keep a book for recommendations, in which, upon leaving her place, her mistress is compelled to state the cause of the servant's leaving and also what is her character.

Russia, in the time of Peter the Great, had several large iron manufactories; some of these he visited with great assiduity, and learned the business of a blacksmith. He succeeded so well in that trade that in one day he forged alone eighteen pounds of iron, equal to 720 pounds weight, and put his own peculiar mark on each bar. This was performed at the forges in Istia, ninety versts from Moscow.

One of these bars, authenticated by Peter's mark, is still shown in the same forge at Istia. Another, forged also with the czar's own hands, is shown in the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg; but this last was forged at Olonetz, on October 12, just before his death, which happened in 1725. This bar weighs 120 pounds. Peter, on the receipt of one of his day's wages, went directly to a shop and purchased a pair of shoes, which he took great pleasure in showing on his feet, saying to those who were present: "I have earned them well, by the sweat of my brow, with hammer and anvil." The czar once passed a month at Istia, and when he worked at the forges the noblemen of his suit were obliged to blow the bellows, to stir and clean the fire, to carry coals and perform all the offices of a blacksmith's helper.

Beer.
From a mass of statistics collected by the Western Brewer, of Chicago, regarding the manufacture and sale of beer in the United States, some facts of general interest are gleaned. The total brew of all the States and Territories for the year ended May 1, 1883, was 17,349,424 barrels of thirty-one gallons each, being an excess of 733,062 barrels over the previous year, and 8,965,704 barrels, or 10.09 per cent. more than in 1875. In Arkansas, Florida, Maine, Mississippi and Vermont no beer has ever been manufactured, and until this year none was ever brewed in Alabama. But ten States show a falling off in the quantity of brew, and the aggregate is insignificant compared with the increase in other States. New York leads all cities in the number of barrels brewed, having put upon the market during the year 3,060,698 barrels. Philadelphia comes second with 1,022,998, St. Louis gets third place with 929,650 barrels, then follows Milwaukee with 920,650 barrels, Brooklyn comes next with 793,877 barrels, then Cincinnati with 775,520 barrels, Boston with 718,000, and then Chicago with 645,652 barrels. The only two principal cities that have sustained a decrease in the number of barrels of the beer manufactured are Cincinnati and Pittsburg, the former 3,128 barrels and the latter 822 barrels. The States that had the largest increase were New York, Wisconsin, Illinois, New Jersey, Massachusetts, California, Minnesota and Connecticut.

The Petroleum Fields of the World.
The relative importance of the oil fields of the world are succinctly stated as follows in the Century by E. V. Smalley, in his graphic and fully illustrated article on "Striking Oil." Nearly all the petroleum that goes into the world's commerce is produced in a district of country about 150 miles long, with a varying breadth of from one to twenty miles, lying mainly in the State of Pennsylvania, but lapping over a little on its northern edge into the State of New York. This region yielded, in 1881, 26,950,816 barrels, and in 1882, 31,398,750 barrels. A little petroleum is obtained in West Virginia, a little at various isolated points in Ohio, and a little in the Canadian province of Ontario. There is also a small field in Germany, a larger one, scantily developed, in Southern Russia, and one still larger, perhaps, in India. The total production of all the fields, outside of the region here described, is but a small fraction in the general account, however, and has scarcely an appreciable influence upon the market. Furthermore, the oil of these minor fields, whether in America or the Old World, is of an inferior quality, and so long as the great Pennsylvania reservoir holds out, can only supply a local demand in the vicinity of the wells.

New Hampshire manufactories turn out an annual product of \$73,000,000.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The report comes from Europe that the gladiolus is fast "running out." The bulbs are losing their vitality and the stalks produce fewer blossoms, which are of smaller size.

One of the latest foreign inventions is that of the manufacture of bottles, etc., from cast iron, containing some twelve per cent. of silicium, a compound which is said to resist the action of the strongest acids.

The Jersey cow Ella Lee, owned by Horatio R. Curran, of Whitestown, N. Y., is attracting much attention. Seventeen pounds of her milk produces a pound of butter, which is so yellow that many who see it think it is artificially colored.

A paper was recently read before the Society of Engineers, at Leeds, on "Deep-Sea Lighthouse," by Mr. C. Anderson. These he proposes chiefly as meteorological stations to be anchored out at sea, so that thirty-six hours' notice of approaching storms could be given to vessels instead of twelve. They would also be used as postal and telegraph stations.

A highly interesting invention has been patented by Engineer Alexis Kohl, of Copenhagen, consisting of an apparatus for cipher writing, especially adapted for diplomatic and military purposes. This apparatus, similar to Malling's writing globe, contains forty-one signs, with a corresponding number of tangents or keys, which the person using it strikes, thereby causing the letters or signs to appear on the periphery. The apparatus can be so arranged that two correspondents, agreeing upon a given key-word, may communicate with each other in a text absolutely undecipherable to persons uninitiated. The inventor has given the name of cryptograph to his apparatus, the succession of letters in which is entirely arbitrary and may be varied ad libitum. Two apparatuses, exactly alike, and once arranged according to agreement, will enable the respective possessors to cipher and decipher readily and with very little loss of time.

A Cremation at the Court of Siam.

The remains of her eminence, the foreign minister's mother, were yesterday burned at the temple with imposing ceremonies. The procession was a long one. The priest was borne on in advance of the young children and the casket, and these went round the temporary building erected for the cremation three times, after which the remains were placed in position on the stand in the center of the cremation building. The floral decorations were very beautiful; and, instead of natural flowers, which need changing every day, they were artistic imitations, which will remain a long time as a memento of the occasion. On the north side of the temple was a hall for the Cochinese priests, where natives could obtain refreshments gratuitously. On the southwest corner was a well-furnished hall, replete with refreshments for the distinguished personages who would visit or take part in the ceremonies.

After the casket containing the corpse had been borne around the temple thrice, it was placed in position in the center of the building where two large halls meet each other at right angles. The elegant urn and its surroundings were visible to the countless persons who day and night visited the temple.

The concluding ceremonies, when his majesty the king ignited the fuse communicating with the remains, were attended by a very great company. The European community generally were present, and were provided with flowers made of the fragrant cedar to give to the flames which were to reduce to ashes the remains of his eminence's mother. At the close of the cremation the minister presented his foreign friends with beautiful gold and silver flowers as mementos, invited them to dine, and after dinner closed the evening with fireworks.—Siam Advertiser.

Of Interest to Gum Chewers.

"How many really different kinds of gum have you?"

"There are only three or four different bases from which gum is made. Tolu, spruce and paraffine are the principal ones."

"Which of them is the most popular?"

"Tolu in the West and spruce in the East. Paraffine is a very cheap gum, and is used as a giveaway a great deal."

"What about the materials of which the different kinds are made?"

"Well, tolu is the gum of the balsam tree of South America, and paraffine is a product of petroleum. It is made in immense quantities at the oil refineries in Pennsylvania and the East. Spruce gum is from the spruce tree, and until recently it was made almost exclusively at Portland, Me."

"What other kinds of gum have you?"

"The rubber or snapping gum, which is the product of a tree in Mexico. The bases of some of these different kinds are sometimes mixed, making other varieties. In the manufacture of all these varieties, sugar and some other ingredients are used."

"Is there much gum sold?"

"Tons of it. There are twenty-five or thirty factories in the United States in the exclusive manufacture, and it is quite probable that their sales do not fall short of two millions per annum, perhaps more. We sell from five to ten thousand boxes a month.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

South Berners, where stands the famous lighthouse of the Hebrides, is visited twice a year only by the supply ship, and once a year by a clergyman. The lighthouse stands 700 feet above the sea on a crag. It is very difficult for even a lifeboat to land. There are about twenty people on the island, mainly substituting on fish, wild fow and eggs.

A GREAT UNDERTAKING.

VISIT TO THE TUNNEL UNDER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

The Most Stupendous Engineering Feat in the World—A Tunnel Under Water Twenty-Two Miles in Length.

A tall shaft, a steam engine, an air locomotive and a couple of wooden shanties mark the spot destined, it may be, to abut upon the English mouth of the Channel tunnel, or rather of a Channel tunnel—for there are other schemes afoot to join London and the extremest point of the continent of Europe in a continuous railway journey and without change of carriage. Sir Edward Watkin airily calculates that the cost of the enterprise in which he is interested would amount to 3,000,000 pounds sterling, and that this tunnel between England and France would allow the passage of 250 trains each way every day, at an average speed of forty-five miles an hour. So that the tunnel of twenty-two miles in length might be traversed in half an hour—a speed, he it said, very much higher than that kept up in the longest tunnels of the St. Gothard between Switzerland and Italy. At the bottom of the shaft, at the mouth of the boring, no more than seven feet in diameter from end to end—excepting here and there a somewhat wider square opening, technically called a "turnout"—we found a couple of trolleys fitted with seats on either side, after the manner of tram-cars of the military train, familiar to habitués of Wimbledon camp. Running along the sides of the trolly, close to the ground, was a footboard like that attached to a railway carriage, and above the seat was a semi-circular hood, lined with red baize, sufficient to protect the head and shoulders from dropping wet or particles of falling debris, but not wide enough to save the legs and feet. By reason of the space taken up in the lower arc of the circle, so as to make a level floor, along which the rails were laid, it was necessary that we should sit with knees drawn up and head bent during the whole time occupied in journeying to the face of the tunnel and back again.

A Rembrandt or a Salvador Rosa might have done pictorial justice to such a scene. Under foot for a great portion of the way the ground is almost ankle deep in slush; and the stalwart fellows who drag and push the trolleys—trudging manfully along—have enough to do to keep their foothold. The travelers, for the greater length of time moving through a dim twilight, cannot well make out the features even of those who sit beside them. Now and again the little electric lamps, set in rude niches of the naked gray chalk, cast a brilliant but fugitive light on the passing train. Then, for awhile, all is again but darkness visible. There are shadows above and beneath and all around. Looking backward or forward through the deepening gloom the traveler sees an ever-receding, seemingly endless tunnel-shaped perspective, lit at long intervals as with fiery eyes. Onward, and yet onward—to no sound save the splashing made by the tall workmen tramping through mud, and the drip, drip of the water upon the hood above our heads—we are dragged and pushed beneath the shingle and the sand of the shore for a time level with the beach, and then down, a quarter of a mile deep, past low-water mark, under the bed of the channel.

The bore has cut clean through the gray chalk in a circle as round and true as the inside of a wedding ring. So thoroughly, indeed, is the instrument adapted to the work and to the material that in dry places it is possible to see the chisel-marks made a couple of years ago. At intervals along the route, where it is feared the water might come through, the sides and roof have been paced with lead or clay, and held up with solid iron bands, apparently about eighteen inches wide. Sometimes, in the fitful flashes of light, the eyes rest upon falling red rivulets, like streams of blood, pouring down the damp walls. Ever and anon there are "faults" in the clayey chalk not yet remedied. So we go on and on, moments seeming as minutes, until the electric lamps cease altogether and the long, awful cave is enveloped in a darkness that would be impenetrable but for the glimmer of a few tallow candles stuck into the bare wall of the cutting. Even a mile and more from the mouth of the shaft it is not difficult to breathe, for the same machine which works the bore pumps drives a continuous supply of fresh air into the seven-foot pipe, which at present forms no more than the nucleus of a tunnel. At a distance of 2,300 yards from the pit-mouth we come upon the simple and wonderful piece of machinery which can pierce through the bed of the sea with extraordinary celerity and at a cost cheaper than is required for the making of an ordinary tunnel under a hill. By permission of the president of the board of trade, the engineer is allowed to make a couple of turns in order to show our party the method of working. Presently we remount our not too comfortable carriage and pass stooping once more along the fearsome narrow way; pass by spaces of horrible shadows and glimpses of welcome light. And finally we are swung up through the shaft into the outer air, where the glad sunshine catches the tall cliff's face and bathes the smiling and yet unbetrayer channel in an atmosphere of golden glory.—London Telegraph.

Justice for Job.

"Well, there is one thing sure," said Mr. Job Shuttle, as he closed a discussion on the wrong-sidedness of everything in general; "there is no justice in this world, and it makes me blue to think of it."

"True Job," said Patience, "but thy reflection that there is justice in the next ought to make you feel a great deal bluer."

THE ROMANCE OF A JEWEL.

STRANGE STORY OF THE FAMOUS ORLOV DIAMOND.

Stolen From the Eye of an Indian Idol—How an Astute Armenian Merchant Carried It to Europe Catherine.

The famous Orlov diamond, which adorns the imperial scepter of Russia, once formed the eye of an idol in a temple near Trichinopoly, and was abstracted by a French renegade, who escaped with his prize to Persia. Here he wandered from town to town, trying to dispose of it for a moderate sum, but only meeting with distrust and suspicion. At length, when the news of the theft had spread over India and reached Persia, fearing arrest, he accepted the offer of a Hebrew merchant, and surrendered the diamond for \$10,000. The shah at once gave orders to arrest the man, dead or alive, and to seize the diamond; whether for the purpose of restoring it to its rightful owners, or in order to retain it for his own delectation, it is now impossible to say. The Jewish merchant naturally became alarmed for the safety of his new acquisition, as well as that of his head, and gladly sold the stone to an astute Armenian merchant named Shafra, for \$30,000. The magnificence of Catherine the Great and her court was a byword in Armenia and Persia, and Shafra knew right well if he could reach St. Petersburg with his diamond he would be able to dispose of it at a handsome profit.

The greatest difficulty was to secrete the stone so thoroughly about his person that in case of his arrest it should not be discovered. It was too large for him to swallow, so he solved the problem by making a deep incision in the calf of his left leg, inserting the stone and sewing up the wound with silver thread. When the cut had cicatrized sufficiently to allow the removal of the wire, Shafra began his travels toward Russia. Had he known on arriving at the frontier that the diamond had been traced to the Jewish merchant, and from him to an Armenian, he would probably have tried to conceal his nationality. But he boldly proclaimed himself an Armenian merchant to the shah's inquisitive officials, was arrested and consigned to prison on suspicion. Strong emetics were administered, but no diamond came to light. He was stripped naked, plunged into a hot bath and then examined from head to foot, with no better success. Even a little torture was tried, but Shafra was firm; and in the end he was bundled unceremoniously over the frontier—his petty cash, however, being retained. He reached Orenburg, and here some compatriots advanced him sufficient money to reach the capital.

Catherine the Great was short of ready money when Shafra offered her his diamond for sale. He demanded \$40,000 for it, but the empress could not raise more than \$20,000, and, though she offered 40,000 desiatins (at four acres each) of crown land in addition to this sum, Shafra refused. Catherine was greatly chagrined, and did not hide her annoyance, but she was too noble a character to resort to the coercive measures which a shah of Persia would have adopted without a moment's hesitation. Shafra was allowed to depart unmolested, and betook himself to Amsterdam to have his diamond cut. Here it was that the famous Count Orlov first saw the jewel for which his imperial mistress had sighed, and he determined to lay it as a gift at her feet. The bargain with Shafra was concluded off-hand, for Count Orlov never haggled. In exchange for the diamond (which weighs 185 carats, and is valued at \$300,000) Count Orlov promised Shafra, on his return to Russia, \$70,000 down, an annuity of 2,000 rubles, and a patent of nobility.

The count kept his word. Shafra the kupets (merchant) became Lazarev the dvorianin (gentleman), cashed his bills at the imperial treasury, and drew 2,000 rubles a year for the rest of his life, which as usual with annuitants, was a very prolonged one. Before he died, he became one of the richest men in Russia. With the price of the diamond he bought mines in the Oural, land in Bessarabia, and houses in St. Petersburg.

The "unearned increment" in thirty years made him ten times a millionaire, and at the present day his descendants, numbering hundreds, are all immensely rich. Loris Melikov, former minister of the interior, and Delianov, at present minister of public instruction, are grandchildren of the Armenian Lazarev.—*London Truth.*

Tomato Flour.

The Italians dry and pulverize the pulp of the tomato. Large districts are devoted to the culture of the fruit for this purpose, the plant being usually raised between rows of vines in vineyards for the sake of economy of land. The ripe fruit is macerated in water, and when reduced to a thin pulp is strained to take out the seeds, cores, etc., and then spread in the sun to dry. It is afterward ground and put up for market. There seems to be no reason why evaporating ovens, so much in use for drying less succulent fruit, as apples, might not be utilized in this country for preparing tomatoes by drying.

Of course powdered tomato might not supersede the canned fresh fruit. Its chief use would be for soups, sauces and other auxiliary uses in cooking. But there are many consumers of the fresh tomato who refuse the tinned canned tomato from fear of the action of the acid of the fruit on the leaded tin of the can, the resultant being in their estimation a virulent lead poison. Tomatoes put up in glass—quite high-priced—have therefore been welcomed by lovers of the fruit—or vegetable. Possibly there is room here for an addition to our list of dried or evaporated food articles.—*Scientific American.*

Lee's Surrender.

General P. H. Sheridan, describing in the *North American Review* events which occurred in the Virginia campaign between April 4, 1865, and the scene at Appomattox Court-House on April 9. Of the actual surrender of General Lee, negotiations looking to which had been going on for a day and a night, General Sheridan says:

In the meantime General Lee came over to McLean's house in the village of Appomattox Court-House. I am not certain whether General Babcock, of General Grant's staff, who had arrived in advance of the general, had gone over to see him or not. We had waited some hours, and I think, about 12 or 1 o'clock General Ord arrived. General Ord, myself and many officers were in the main road leading through the town, at a point where Lee's army was visible. General Grant rode up and greeted me with "Sheridan, how are you?" I replied, "I am very well, thank you." He then said, "Where is Lee?" I replied, "There is his army down in that valley; he is over in that house (pointing out McLean's) waiting to surrender to you." General Grant, still without dismounting, said, "Come, let us go over." He then made the same request to General Ord, and we all went to McLean's house. Those who entered with General Grant were, as nearly as I can recollect, Ord, Rawlins, Seth Williams, Ingalls, Babcock, Parker and myself; the staff officers, or those who accompanied, remaining outside on the porch steps and in the yard. On entering the parlor we found General Lee standing in company with Colonel Marshall, his aide-de-camp. The first greeting was to General Seth Williams, who had been Lee's adjutant when he was superintendent of the military academy. General Lee was then presented to General Grant, and all present were introduced. General Lee was dressed in a new gray uniform, evidently put on for the occasion, and wore a handsome sword. He had on his face the expression of relief from a heavy burden. General Grant's uniform was soiled with mud and service and he wore no sword. After a few words had been spoken by those who knew General Lee, all the officers retired, except, perhaps, one staff officer of General Grant's and the one who was with General Lee. We had not been absent from the room longer than five minutes when General Babcock came to the door and said, "The surrender has taken place—you can come in again." When we re-entered General Grant was writing on a little wooden, elliptical-shaped table (purchased by me from Mr. McLean, and presented to Mrs. G. A. Custer) the conditions of the surrender. General Lee was sitting, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, to the left of General Grant, with his back to a small marble-topped table, on which many books were piled. * * * About one hour was occupied in drawing up and signing the terms, when General Lee retired from the house with a cordial shake of the hand with General Grant, mounted his chunky, gray horse, and lifting his hat passed through the gate, and rode over the crest of the hill to his army. On his arrival there, we heard wild cheering, which seemed to be taken up progressively by his troops, either for him or because of satisfaction with his last official act as a soldier.

Protection Against Tornadoes.

The frequent recurrence of tornadoes and the serious loss of life attending, has agitated the question of protection against these storms and invited a fund of advice, theoretical and practical.

The signal service gives the warning to always run to the north on the first sign of the vortex, unless by going in that direction one will have to cross the entire path of the storm. If nearer to the southern edge than to the center of the probable path, one may go south, bearing slightly to the east, but in no event should one run directly to the east or northeast. As a large proportion of these storms occur at night and the majority of its victims are in no condition of mind to run in the right direction, the above warning, while good so far as it goes, cannot be said to cover the entire ground.

The experience in Kansas and elsewhere makes it evident that a house or any building rising above ground is no protection, and the best thing to do is to leave it if it be in the path of the tornado. If there is any retreat underground that can be reached, this is advised. In Kansas lives have been saved in excavations in the ground called "dug-outs," made for the purpose within easy access of the house. These retreats are quite underground, with an entrance from the northern or eastern side, and covered with a strong roof not rising above the earth.

Cellar caves are also constructed from the cellar of the house. These are excavated from the west wall of the cellar toward the west. When there is not time to flee from the house it is advised, as the safest thing to do, to place one's self against the west wall of the cellar, face forward, or against the south wall as near the southwest corner as possible. The northeast quarter is considered a fatal position, and therefore should be avoided.

If out of doors and overtaken by a tornado, the only recourse is to cast one's self face downward upon the ground, with the head toward the east, the arms thrown well over the head to protect it. Avoid the shelter of trees or groves, but select if possible the open field.

The knowledge that a tornado moves in a northeasterly direction simplifies the above rules and makes evident the wisdom, whether in building or cellar, of the advice to avoid a position in a northeast corner, in an east room or against an east wall.—*New York World.*

Ten feet of solid honey was found in a Georgia tree.

Japanese Cremation.

A very few days later, on arriving in Tokio, and driving through one of its suburbs, my attention was arrested by a group of very peculiarly shaped tall chimneys, very wide at the base and ending in a narrow mouth, so strangely suggestive of old sketching days in Kent that the idea of the familiar farm "oast-house" at once presented itself. On inquiry, I learned that this was one of the city crematories, of which there are about half a dozen scattered over the principal suburbs of the vast city. Supposing that in the great capital the process of cremation might be performed more ceremoniously and scientifically than in the country cemetery which I had previously visited, I determined to inspect this also. But in the multitude of more attractive interests, I never found time to do so. Soon afterward, however, my friend Miss Bird visited a similar establishment in the same neighborhood, and found the same perfect simplicity in all details. The great chimneys form the only material difference, their object, of course, being to convey any unpleasant fumes to such a height as to insure no nuisance being created in the neighborhood. Not only is this desirable result secured, but even within the premises there is nothing in the least noxious or disgusting. Miss Bird states that although thirteen bodies had been consumed in the burning house a few hours before her visit, and a considerable number of bodies were awaiting cremation (those of the wealthier class being confined in oblong pine chests and those of the very poor in tubs of pine hooped with bamboo), there was not the slightest odor in or about the building, and her interpreter informed her that the people living near never experienced the least annoyance, even while the process is going on. The only difference between this city crematory and the burning-house in the rural cemetery was that the high-roofed mud building was divided into four rooms, the smallest of which is reserved for such wealthy persons as prefer to have their dead cremated apart, in solitary state, for which privilege they pay \$5 (i. e., about the equivalent of \$1), whereas ordinary mortals are disposed of in the common room for the modest sum of something under 4s. One shilling's worth of fuel is the average consumption required for each body. Granite supports are laid in pairs all along the earthen floor, and on these the coffin-chests are placed at 8 p. m., when the well-dried faggots beneath them are kindled. The fires are replenished from time to time, and at 6 a. m. the man in charge goes round the building, and from each hearth collects and stores in a separate urn the handful of ashes which alone remains. Some wealthy families secure the services of Buddhist priests to watch all night beside these funeral pyres, but this is considered quite a work of supererogation. After the religious service in the house the further attendance of the priests is optional; but in many cases they return on the morrow to officiate at the interment of the ashes.—*Contemporary Review.*

Wouldn't be Snubbed.

A good story is told of a French artist, Vereschajin, and the czar of all the Russias, which shows that the painter is not wanting in self-respect, even if a monarch does patronize him: Some time ago Vereschajin received from the czar, Alexander III., an order for a picture. He at once set to work and in due time forwarded to the emperor one of his finest canvases, in which he had managed to paint nothing that could be construed as flattery. He called his picture "Our Prisoners." It showed a troop of Turkish prisoners of war, who were falling to the ground under the brutal blows of their escort, some robust Russian soldiers.

The czar was little pleased. He had expected flattery and received—the naked truth. He nevertheless expressed the wish of making the acquaintance of the painter. The day for the audience was fixed, and Vereschajin left Paris for St. Petersburg. When he appeared in the palace he was told that the czar had no time to see him, and that he must wait until he was called.

As soon as he received this answer Vereschajin returned to Paris. On the following day a chamberlain of the emperor called at the hotel where Vereschajin had been staying while in St. Petersburg, and asked for the artist. "He has left here," he was told. "What," exclaimed the horrified courtier, "he is gone, and the czar is waiting to-day to receive him! Did he leave no message?"

"Oh, yes," the proprietor of the hotel replied; "he left word if any one called for him, to say he had no time to wait."

A Puzzled Colonel.

The following military anecdote is going the rounds: A certain colonel thought he saw the officer of the day walking out without his sword. He sent for the officer, who borrowed a sword of a brother officer at the foot of the stairs, put it on, and had an interview with the colonel, who talked on other matters. Then the officer went away, returned the sword, and walked across the lawn. The colonel saw him, and doubting his own senses, sent for him again. The officer borrowed the sword again, and the colonel apologized, and said he was getting old and had forgotten what he wanted to say. Again the officer went away, and the colonel's wife came in the room.

"Do you see Officer Smith?" the colonel asked.

"Yes, sir," she said.

"Tell me if he is wearing his sword or not," the colonel continued.

"He has no sword on," said the wife.

"That's where you fool yourself, my dear," said the colonel. "He has."

WISE WORDS.

In prosperity work is a duty; in misfortune it is a refuge.

Among intelligent people antipathies are more irreconcilable than hates.

Prosperities can only be enjoyed by them who fear not at all to lose them.

Many have genius, but, wanting art, are forever dumb. The two must go together to form the great poet, painter or sculptor.

These two things, contradictory as they may seem, must go together—manly dependence and manly independence, manly reliance and manly self-reliance.

If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune, or what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy conversation; condescend to men of low estate, support the distressed and patronize the neglected. Be great.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action, and that, while tenderness of feeling and susceptibility to generous emotions are accidents of temperament, goodness is an achievement of the will and a quality of life.

No mockery in this world sounds so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness. What does such advice mean? Happiness is not a potato, to be planted in mold and tilled. Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us out of heaven. She is a divine dew which the soul, on certain of its summer mornings, feels gently dropping upon it from the amaranth bloom and golden fruitage of paradise.

An Island Covered With Eggs.

A recent issue of the Santa Barbara (Cal.) Press says: Last Tuesday afternoon Captain A. Larco, the well-known fisherman, returned to port after a five days' cruise among the islands off the coast. His voyage was something out of the ordinary way, and his route was one seldom taken by him, or, in fact, any other coaster. The most interesting portion of Captain Larco's story was his description of an island covered with eggs. He says that a short distance from San Miguel island, standing out lone and solitary in the Pacific ocean, there is a rock with a surface of about three acres. The sides are precipitous and almost inaccessible except during calm weather. While becalmed near the rock he visited it, and was amazed at the scene presented to his vision. The island is covered with a layer of guano, in which sealwings of all description were found laying or incubating their eggs. The surface appeared to be almost entirely covered with eggs, principally those of the sea gulls, shags, and a small bird known as the salt water duck. He said it was difficult to walk without treading upon the eggs. He brought away several bushels of these eggs. The shag's eggs are of a light blue color and somewhat smaller than a domestic hen's eggs. The gull eggs are somewhat larger in size, light brown, spotted with black dots.

Larco says he could easily load a ship with those eggs from this island, but as there is no market for them here they are not worth gathering.

"Holding On."

Three or four years ago a farmer living near Indianapolis who had raised about forty bushels of corn to sell, but who was not satisfied with ruling prices, determined to hold on. He nailed up his corn-crib and sat down with a determination to let the country go to ruin unless buyers came to his figures. To his great chagrin and disappointment everything went on as usual for several months, when one day a man from Chicago came along.

"What's corn worth?" asked the farmer.

"Twenty-eight cents," was the reply.

"Why, I was offered thirty-five for mine last fall!"

"Yes, but you see the corner broke a few days ago, and 7,000,000 bushels were let loose on the market."

"Seven million bushels!" gasped the old man. "Well, I swan! I've kept forty bushels locked up here since last fall, thinking I had the country right by the nose, and now you tell me that seven million bushels was let loose in a bunch! Why, drat my buttons! I don't believe I could have scared anybody even if I'd held on to my three barrels of pork and six bushels of beans beside!"—*Wall Street News.*

A Good Grocery Clerk.

As to what constitutes a good salesman in the grocery business, a leading New York wholesale dealer in groceries is quoted by a correspondent as saying: "Firstly, he should be a better judge of quality than are his customers, and he should use his knowledge honestly. He should always recommend goods that he knows to be of full value, and yet not overpraise them. Above all, if he is in the wholesale trade, he should not urge upon his customers more than a convenient stock. Drummers on the road are apt to make that mistake, and thereby tempt the retailer to buy more than he will be able to pay for. A clerk in a retail store has an advantage if he possesses some knowledge of cookery, so that he can tell how articles may be best prepared for the table. Hints of this kind are valuable even to experienced housekeepers, especially as to new goods. Such a man acquires influence. But he mustn't be impertinent or obtrusive with his advice. Polite attention is the one thing needful in a salesman, and young men shouldn't forget it if they mean to succeed behind the counter."

The debt of the Australian colonies is five-fold what the debt of the United States was before the war.

A REMARKABLE SUICIDE.

A SELF-MURDERER WHO CARRIED OUT A QUEER CONTRACT.

Killing Himself for Reasons Which He States in a Letter—The Compact Which He Made With a Friend.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch publishes the account of the suicide of a young man who gave his name as Rufus H. Eaton. He blew out his brains at Delhi, Iowa. There was nothing on the body to identify it save the following remarkable letter, without date or signature:

"I am going to take my own life, having made up my mind to do so more than a year ago. Although I do not think that any one cares a pin about my reasons, yet it will give me some satisfaction to state them, and anybody who finds this paper need not read it if he does not wish to do so. I am twenty-seven years of age, a lawyer by profession, but not very much so as far as practice is concerned. I was born in Baltimore, and I suppose that is more my home than anywhere else, although I have traveled all the way from Denver to New Orleans. I have always been an unlucky devil, and the only thing that has kept me from suicide long ago was the lingering fear that there might be a hereafter. I have arrived at the conclusion, however, that there is not anything worse than what I have gone through, and I'll chance the future state. But I'll not preach. Two years ago I met a young lady. It don't matter where, nor what her name was. She was pretty. I was, as usual, a fool. I had the education of a gentleman, but not the means to live up to my desires. I had run through considerable money, and had not the industry to make a livelihood at my calling. Well, of course, I fell over head and ears in love with this girl. She liked me, I think, but she had sense, and she never let her sentiment run away with her prospects. I drank some, and gambled some, and was as wild as a young fellow usually is. Though I generally wore good clothes, my pocketbook was usually very flat. Well, when her parents saw that my visits to the daughter were growing frequent, they immediately interfered. 'You know my child has been tenderly raised,' said her father, 'and she cannot properly support her. I like you, but you see how it is. A man should not marry unless he can properly support his wife.' The mother was just as stern, and the daughter was persuaded to fall in with their plans. I have laughed many a time at a fellow who was fool enough to kill himself for a girl. But that was before I was in love myself. I see it all now. But love stories have been told so often that there is little interest in them. The girl jilted me. The last time I saw her she cried a little, and even let me put my arm around her waist. She loved me, she said, 'but her parents wanted her to marry a middle-aged gentleman, and she could not disobey.' If she had told the truth she would have said that she loved the middle-aged gentleman's carriage and pair and his bank account better than she did me, and much better than she did him. I begged and pleaded, and got the same answer all the time. You know what I did then.

"I went to drinking harder than ever. I became a nuisance, if I had not been before. One day I was talking over matters with a friend of mine named Jim Anderson, who always had more money and sense than I had. I told Jim I was going to kill myself. He laughed and sneered. 'I'll tell you what I'll do,' I said, 'I'll insure my life for \$15,000 in different companies, and make the policies over to you. You pay me \$2,500 for two years, let me have a little hurrah for that time, and when it's over I'll agree to kill myself and you will get the money. In that way you make \$10,000, and I have some fun. Jim laughed, but I insisted, and finally we drew up an agreement to that effect. I got out policies in the different life insurance companies. He holds them and the agreement. He paid me \$200 a month during the last fifteen months, although I don't believe that he ever thought of holding me to the agreement. But he was of a speculative turn of mind anyhow, and although he hardly believed I would kill myself, he knew that if I had the money I would soon drink myself to death, and he was willing to take the chances. The time is not up yet, but I guess I'll let him make the extra money. He'll be surprised and not at all sorry. Nobody else cares, for the girl I mentioned has since married the bank account, the carriage and the middle-aged gentleman. This is no case of temporary insanity. I have as much sense as anybody. I make a contract and I'm carrying it out. Bury me wherever you like. There is \$35 in my vest pocket, and that will pay expenses and my bill so far."

What It Was.

Mr. Jenkins was looking pale and ejected the other day, and a friend noticed it.

"Hello, Jenk," he said, "you are looking bad."

"I know it. I feel that way."

"Well, you are usually in excellent spirits. What could have got into you to make you look so?"

"You won't give it away if I tell you what has got into me, will you?"

"No; it is not bankruptcy, is it?"

"No."

"Nor domestic trouble?"

"No."

"What is it then?"

"Cucumbers and dried apple pie."

—*Merchant-Traveler.*

William Stricker, one of the wealthiest men in Clark county, Ind., has deeded a farm to each of his six children.

The smallest farm is valued at \$11,000, and the largest at \$20,000.

Marble Burial Caskets.

An enterprising Chicago man has invented a "marble burial casket," which has had considerable sale in the West and in New York.

"It is made," said the agent to a Sun reporter, "of Portland and Keene cement, and is imperishable and indestructible. Surviving friends of the dead have a natural and commendable desire to preserve the bodies of their loved ones from decay as long as possible. Wooden coffins decay very speedily, and those made of iron rust and crumble away in a very short time when subjected to the chemicals of the earth. In the earlier ages stone graves hewn out of solid rock were the favorite receptacles for the dead, not only because they resisted the agencies mentioned, but also because they preserved the dead from the hands of the resurrectionists. Such a thing as a solid marble or stone grave is out of the question now, however, except among millionaires, but the new burial casket meets all of the ends served by the old stone grave. It is in striking contrast with the dilapidated cloth, wooden and iron caskets, and will supersede the necessity of vaults. Each one of our caskets is a hermetically sealed catacomb in itself. They are lighter than iron, and the strongest caskets ever made. The interior is of perforated zinc set on a wrought-iron skeleton frame. Both the frame and the zinc are imbedded in the walls of the casket. The cement grows harder with age.

"One point, and a very strong one, in favor of this casket is that when it is closed it becomes a perfect whole. The cover is joined to the casket with the same cement with which the casket is made, and hence it is hermetically sealed without joint or crack. It is a complete solid marble case. Another great advantage of our caskets over those of wood or iron is the fact that burial ceremonies can be held with perfect safety over the bodies of persons who have died of contagious diseases. There is not the slightest danger of contagion."

"Have you sold many in New York?"

"So far there has been an encouraging sale, and they have given unvarying satisfaction."

"How do the prices range?"

"A first-class marble casket does not cost any more than the best make of iron or wood. The upholstery and the outside trimmings are all of the best quality, and, in fact, precisely the same as those used in ordinary coffins."

The agent exhibited some of the caskets. Many of them are very handsome. One which he said was for "young ladies" was pure white, with a rough, unpolished surface, having a frosted appearance, which glistened in the light as though covered with diamond dust. The inside was plaited satin of a pale blue shade, and there were two blue satin panels, on the covers on which lilies surrounded by sprays of forget-me-nots were painted. The handles were also set in blue satin of the same shade, and decorated with immortelles. Another one, called the "Egyptian style," resembles Egyptian marble, although there is a trifle too much gold and orange in it. The jet black background, however, is very brilliant. The handles and plates are like those of ordinary caskets. There is another casket which is a combination of Egyptian and onyx, made in small sizes for children. There was one that resembled Italian marble. It was more expensive than the others, as the veining and rose tint are difficult to represent on the cement.

The Death of Robin Hood.

All accounts affirm that Robin Hood lived to a very old age, and at last died by treachery. He had a cousin, who was the pious of a nunnery called Kirklees, and when he was aged and infirm, and suffering from an attack of disease, he went to her to be bled.

Robin was very sick when he reached the gate of the nunnery, where he was met by his cousin. Little thinking of treachery, he suffered her to conduct him to a room and open a vein in his arm. There he was left bleeding. The door of the room was locked, and the window was too high above ground to admit of jumping out. He remained in this state till the next day at noon, when he thought to blow a blast on his horn. It was a quavering and feeble sound. Little John was lingering about, waiting to see his beloved master. When he heard the mournful blast, he sprang up and hurried to the nunnery. He broke locks and dashed open doors until he reached the room where Robin lay dying. He fell on his knees, and begged to be allowed to burn Kirklees hall and all the nunnery; but Robin said: "No, I never hurt a woman in my life, nor a man in company with a woman, and I will not allow such a thing to be done now. But string my bow for me, and give me it and a broad arrow, which I will shoot from the window, and where that arrow falls there let my grave be dug. Lay a green sod under my head and another at my feet; and lay my bent bow by my side, for it has always made sweet music for me."

The request was complied with by Little John. The arrow that Robin shot fell under a tree, and here the bold chief was buried. His death was probably near the year 1300.

Some worthy historians have doubted whether such a man as Robin Hood ever lived, and have classed the stories of his exploits among the myths of the past. It is hardly probable, however, that this is the correct theory. The safer and more reasonable conclusion would seem to be that Robin Hood really reigned in the forests as represented, but that many of the stories about him have been exaggerated by the ballad singers and early writers of England.—*Maurice Thompson, in St. Nicholas.*

Arlington Advocate

OFFICE:

Swan's Block, Arlington Ave.

Published every Friday afternoon, by

CHARLES S. PARKER,

Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00. SINGLE COPIES, 4 CTS.

Arlington, July 6th, 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Reading Notices, per line, 25 cents.
Special Notices, " 15 "
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line, 10 "
Ordinary Advertisements, per line, 8 "
Marriages and Deaths—free.

The first of this month saw not only the new tariff rules go into effect, but the time when maker of bank checks will no longer be required to put a two-cent stamp upon each piece of paper of that description. Patent medicines, cosmetics, matches and playing-cards, which have been adorned with a revenue stamp since the war, as free from revenue tax as any other commodity. Liquors and tobacco are the only commodities that will hereafter be compelled to use the revenue stamp. Business men have become so accustomed to the use of stamps upon bank paper that it does not now seem a great inconvenience to use them, still it is one of the many little burdens which the Government was compelled to place upon the business of the country in a season of great peril which can now be done away with. The abolition of the match tax will make it possible for persons with a small capital to engage in a business which the peculiar provisions of the law affecting the sale of stamps made it impossible for them to pursue with a limited capital.

What a pity it was that Elam did not kill Biene and Biene kill Elam, when those silly Richmond editors met on the field of "honor." Everybody but your traditional Southerner knows they made fools of themselves, not only the duellists, but their aiders and abettors, not excluding the sheriffs who are said to have skirmished through several counties in an alleged effort to arrest the principals. There is a strong anti-duelling law in Virginia, and as one of the duellists was a State officer, we shall see whether or not he will be punished. It takes a good while for Virginia to recover from the barbarism which slavery entailed upon her.

Some people have a very mistaken idea of journalistic honesty. They think that whatever happens to appear in print of which they disapprove has been placed there with malicious intent. This mistaken idea has instigated numerous suits for libel, but the general result of such suits proves that the idea is mistaken. It must occasionally happen that somebody will be misrepresented, or some fact misplaced. A newspaper which draws its news daily from a thousand different sources cannot always get every jot and tittle exactly as it ought to be; it employs men to gather its information—men who are eminently trustworthy—and they exercise their best judgment in their work; the results of their labor are carefully looked over and edited before they go into print; and yet it is not surprising that some mistakes creep in. The surprise should really be that their reports are so accurate as they are. In point of fact, no business man under the sun uses more painstaking care to get at the truth than the conscientious journalist. Of course, there are newspaper men who cater to the lowest taste, and who publish sensation articles without regard to the truth, but they are to journalism what the counterfeit dollar is to the legal coin.

On the 1st of July the postal money order system was somewhat extended. Heretofore the highest single order obtainable has been \$50, and only three orders could be issued to the same person in one day, making \$150 the utmost limit. Under the new system the limit is doubled, and a new charge of only eight cents is made for orders under ten dollars in amount, the former charge having been ten cents.

If there are any workmen inclined to sustain the ambitious aspirations of Governor Butler, let them look into his history, and see wherein he has exhibited the least practical sympathy for the man who works for his living. He is a very rich man; he delights to surround himself with all the evidences of wealth and power; he demands unquestioning obedience on the part of everybody who approaches him for assistance; he cannot brook opposition; he would, if he could, ride rough shod over everybody who stands in his path; he has had to do with the employment of large numbers of persons in various establishments, and let workmen, before they run away with the idea that he is the champion of the poor man, inquire for themselves as to the pay these employees received. The information is easily obtainable.—*Transcript.*

The Boston Advertiser, acting upon recent reports of the closing or partial shutting-down of a number of New England woolen mills, recently addressed a circular to all manufacturers inquiring as to how they were running or proposed to run. New England, according to the census, has 490 establishments, operating 2122 sets of cards in a total of 5961 for the whole country.

The result of the inquiry is in brief that in Massachusetts the curtailment of production amounts to a stoppage of 398 sets; in Maine, 35 sets; New Hampshire, 33; Vermont, 18; Rhode Island, 138; Connecticut, 139 sets; total, 759 sets, or more than one-third of the entire capacity. The total reduction in the consumption of wool will thus amount to 230,700 pounds per day, or about seven millions per month, and would have a serious influence upon the wool market. There are undoubtedly more sets of cards in New England not being operated than are here reported. But replies to the circular indicate conclusively that many woolen mills are shutting down; that depression in that industry is not idle talk if a fair proportion of the 250 mills that do not reply to the circulars are shut down. The reduction in consumption of wool must represent over 1000 sets of cards, which would consume about 325,000 lbs. daily.

Of opinions as to who the Republicans can nominate to beat Butler there is no end. There is scarcely a Republican member in either branch who has not been outspoken in giving his views; and yet, by comparing all these, the end seems as far off now as it was the second week of Gov. Butler's term. Of Mr. Robinson, of Chicago, an influential member and a strong personal and political friend, remarked, "If Robinson once conceives it to be his duty to accept a nomination he will move straightforward and unflinchingly and raise the standard of the party; but he is a conscientious man, and has not yet decided on which field his usefulness as a party man or a public servant can produce the best results. He is an ambitious man, but his ambition is tempered by this same conscientiousness. His usefulness in the national councils has been steady and unimpaired, and he is himself without the shadow of reproach. To withdraw him now would effect a breach not to be easily filled."—*Traveller.*

The Exeter boys, it seems, have adopted the Harvard idea of furnishing class punches, and the result is a good deal of extra howling and nocturnal prowling, inspired by the flavoring of the flowing bowl. The Traveller correspondent assures us that "there were no breaches of the peace, however, aside from the nocturnal howlings and ringing of church bells, and occasional insults to women who should have known better than to be abroad without an escort at such a time." What a commentary on the "punch" business! Here are young "gentlemen," so-called, at the centennial anniversary of one of our orthodox educational institutions, where they were educated, who drink rum enough to cause them to insult women who are obliged, or who choose, to appear in the street unprotected by escort! If a few of these insulting "gentlemen" should be knocked down by some genuine men, or should be arrested and dealt with as the law allows, the "punch" business might be considered as carried to its legitimate conclusion; and the right of respectable women to walk the streets in safety would be vindicated in one of the few places where it is not conceded—to wit, among drunken college undergraduates or tipsy academy fledglings.—*Lowell Journal.*

It was decided, at the Republican conference on Tuesday, to do the next best thing to adjourning immediately, namely, to cut the Tewksbury investigation short, to require a report of the committee on the 17th instant, and to adjourn as soon as possible thereafter. The Governor has cut off his own privilege of criticising this course of procedure by declaring that he has made no charges; that he thinks the object of the investigation has been accomplished, and that he does not think there is any necessity of discussion or legislation. Not that we think he will not criticise the course of the legislature, but he must seek for a new offence. Now that this has been decided upon, let the legislature insist upon a strict conformity to its wishes, and make all speed to get away from the State House.—*Advertiser.*

Filth breeds disease. While there is a difference of opinion on almost every other question pertaining to sanitary matters, this one truth is indisputable. There is every reason to believe that the late summer and fall may prove to be very unhealthy seasons in most localities. Those places will escape most lightly which pay the closest attention to cleanliness and other sanitary precautions.

Arlington Tax Levy, 1883.

It was our privilege to enjoy a chat with one of Arlington's assessors, a few days ago, and from this conversation we gleaned some facts of general interest, though all the items may not be read with pleasure. At the outset we learned there had been no change in the valuation, either in rates or methods. On real estate there has been a highly gratifying gain of \$95,785, but on personal property the falling off amounts to \$141,397, leaving a net loss to the town in taxable property of \$45,612. The town grant of last year was \$73,810, but this year the amount voted foots up the good round sum of \$85,300. Under such an array of figures, it is not strange that a large increase in rate is certain and we guess the amount will not fall far short of \$17.50 per thousand.

The causes obtaining to reduce the amount of personal property are various, prominent among which are the withdrawal of the Nash property; an increase in County tax of \$1000 and over; extensive reductions because of mortgages and the large number who fail to make returns to the assessors. The increase in the town grant is easily counted up,—extra amount for new filter at reservoir; new hose house at the upper end of the town, etc., and the citizens are alone responsible for this. There is a gain of ninety-nine in the number of poll tax payers, and this is also a gratifying feature of the record of 1883.

Perhaps our readers will understand and appreciate our figures better if we reproduce them in opposite columns, as follows:—

	1882	1883
Real Estate,	\$3,479,015.00	3,575,700.00
Personal Estate,	1,433,966.00	1,292,596.00
Town Grant,	73,810.00	85,300.00
County tax,	2,517.36	3,149.99
Overlays,	304.22	
1082 Polls at \$2.00 '82	2,169.00	
1181 " " '83		2,362.00

The finances of the town are in good condition, and its credit such that money at four per cent. has replaced all the debt maturing the present year and which has been on interest at seven. A large slice (amounting to \$48,000) has been taken from the debt during the present year, and there is every reason to believe that the high rate of taxation necessary this year will not again be called for.

Much occurs to us in this connection about property bearing its full burden; about the wealthy being ready to make full returns of their fortunes, but it may as well be left unsaid. Human nature is ever much the same, and in the future as in the past, it will be true that "to him that hath shall be given."

STATE HOUSE NOTES.

The decision in relation to adjournment which has been arrived at by the Legislature seems to be, on the whole, a wise one. So far as the Tewksbury investigation is concerned, the minds of the members of the committee must by this time be made up as to the report which they will submit, and the public has already discounted this formal presentation of the matter. Further testimony would be chiefly cumulative in its character, and the amount of corroborative evidence already submitted renders the making of more of these statements a work of supererogation. If the defence is given a few days to combat the yet unanswered accusations of the Governor, and both sides are given the time needed for summing up, ample justice will have been done. The mistake which is made in this country in too many of our inquiries, legal and legislative, is that they are spread over too much ground; and if Mr. Brown had confined himself to the task of breaking down a half-dozen of the more important charges of Gov. Butler, the impression made upon the popular mind would have been intensified, and he could have readily ignored scores of trivial assertions, that exhausted his time and tended not in the least to enlighten public judgment. If the Legislature had delayed its final adjournment in consequence of this inquiry, or had made it an excuse for again coming together, it would have made a political mistake. The vast majority of the people in this state who have taken the trouble to read the testimony submitted to the committee are aware that the Governor blundered in a sad fashion in making the alleged mismanagement of the Tewksbury almshouse his chief accusation against the administration of the Republican party. With the public mind in this favorable condition, the managers of the Republican party in this state can well afford to rest contented.

The expected veto of the tax-bill reached the House Monday. It is a very shrewd document, and in the main is couched in respectful language. It is misleading, however, in its statements, and is intended evidently as a campaign paper. As we remarked when the bill was on its passage, it is not a question of spending a penny more or less of the people's money. It will not make a picaune's difference as to that. The money has all been voted away already, and every dollar of the two millions will be needed sometime within the next twelve

months to pay the commonwealth's honest debts. It is only a question whether the tax shall be levied to keep the treasury in funds, so that it will not have to borrow in order to pay its bills until its revenues come in. The Governor very shrewdly deducts about a quarter of a million from the estimates of the treasurer as not likely to fall due as soon as has been anticipated.

The Glorious Fourth.

The Fourth is the American field-day and will probably remain so till the end of time. Of late years the character of the celebration has changed somewhat. Imposing demonstrations and heavy oratory were once regarded as the proper caper. Generally speaking, every person is now his own celebrator. He lights his bonfires, sends up his own balloons, holds aloft the Roman candle and dallies with the dangerous cannon cracker. The small boy especially, insists upon his privilege to glorify the memory of our forefathers in the manner that best pleases him. He wants everything his fancy chooses in the way of noise-producing materials, and then wants to be let alone. And Young America is in habit of carrying his point on the Fourth, even against public protests and in defiance of parental authority. All things considered, it is well enough, perhaps, that on this one day of the year he should be recognized as master of the situation, with the timely warning to be on his guard against accidents and to save himself whole from the inevitable rip-and-roar proceedings that universally prevail.

The Boat Club furnished all there was in the way of public pleasures in Arlington, and are again deserving of thanks for their contribution to the pleasure of the stay-at-home public who cared enough to visit Spy Pond and witness the sports.

The contestants in the yacht race had a "squally" time of it, with a heavy wind at intervals, obliging the utmost alertness. The "Alice" met with an accident just after starting, which really put her out of the race, but her commander pluckily stuck to it, and sailed over the three mile course. The first prize was a silver card receiver and the second a silver cup. The following is the corrected time:—

NAME	SAILED BY	H. M. S.
Spy,	Wm. Proctor,	55 51
Elfin,	S. P. Prentiss,	1 00 41
Alice,	E. B. Richardson,	1 22 00

The other races proved interesting to the spectators, and full of enjoyment to the participants. The following is the list, as announced by the judges of the several contests:—

Single working boats—F. N. Abercrombie first, 9m. 27s.; A. J. Wellington second, 9m. 50s.; A. B. Hill third, 11m. 48s.

Double working boats—Abercrombie and Wellington, 8m. 52s.; Hill and Richardson, 11m.

Double skiffs—Russell and Cutter, 12m. 40s.; Wellington and Richardson, 13m. 3s.

Canoes—F. L. Rich, 5m. 31s.; C. A. Proctor, 5m. 51s.

Cruising canoes—J. P. Poland, 4m. 10s.; F. L. Rich, 4m. 13s.; W. Stimpson, 4m. 15s.

Swimming race—H. Cutter first; F. Rich second.

Tub race—F. L. Rich first; H. Shepard second.

The whisky men have been routed in their efforts to obtain from the Treasury a ruling in favor of exporting their whisky and reimporting it, thus securing an extension of the bonded period. Secretary Folger maintained that the Export Association had no purpose to sell the spirits abroad; that their object was to export it with the intention of shipping it back to this country, and to claim the right to enter it either for warehousing or consumption, on the payment of a duty equal to the tax imposed by the Internal Revenue laws, and thus to secure an extension of the bonded period. The Attorney General has practically concurred in this opinion. The result will undoubtedly be that the distillers will not risk the exportation, as they cannot hope to reimport their goods without detection.

IF.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-field and glory;
If writ in human hearts a name
Seems better than a song and story;
If men instead of nursing Pride,
Would learn to hate and abhor it;
If more relied on Love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.
If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If Love's work had more willing hands
To link this world to the eternal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human souls would pour it;
If "yours" and "mine" would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.
If more would act the play of Life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If Bigotry would sheath its knife
Till good become more universal;
If Custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If Talent shone for Truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.
If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men, when wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together and restore it;
If Right made might be every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

It was distressing to notice the many drunken men and boys in the streets, for many of them were but boys. They reeled along the crowded sidewalks, sat on doorsteps with their heads sunk upon their breasts, or lay at full length on the stones, the sun blazing upon their upturned faces, and each drunken man represented an anxious, unhappy family.—*Boston Journal, July 5.*

There is a vacancy in the Annapolis Naval Academy for the fifth Massachusetts congressional district. Young men over 14 and under 18 years of age, legal residents of the district who desire the appointment, may apply direct to Hon. Leopold Morse.

Deaths.

In Danvers Insane Asylum, July 3, Dennis Dunn, of Arlington, aged 73 years.

Card of Thanks.

The members of Lexington Base Ball Club take this means of returning thanks to all who contributed toward the expense of the new uniforms lately furnished. We hope we shall not disgrace them.

LEXINGTON BASE BALL CLUB.
Lexington July 1, 1883.

Entertainment

For the benefit of the Episcopal Chapel.
Tableaux and Music.
Town Hall, Lexington,
Wednesday Evening, July 11,
at half-past seven o'clock.

Refreshments will be served during the intermission.

Admission, 25 cents.

Tickets for sale at the door.

Late trains in both directions.

PLEASANT STREET MARKET, ARLINGTON.

WINN & PIERCE,

DEALERS IN

Provisions and Vegetables

OF ALL KINDS,

BUTTER, CHEESE, LARD, EGGS, ETC., ETC.

Spinach, Dandelions, Lettuce, Radishes and other Seasonable Articles.

Goods delivered in Arlington, Arlington Heights and Belmont, free of charge. Anything not in stock will be furnished at short notice.

F. P. WINN.

april 13th

G. L. PIERCE.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,

Automatic Blind Fixtures, Wire Netting, Norton's Door Checks, Nails,

Screws, Hinges, Sheathing Paper, Tools, Roofing Cement, Scissors, Brass and Iron Tacks, Chains, Bolts and Harness Goods.

Flag Colors 90 cents. Packing Trunks \$1.50. Heaviest Trace Chains 75 cents per pair. Zinc Trunk \$2.75. Prison Harness, hand sewed, \$30.00. Hill's Carriage Harness \$35.00.

And all other goods in the harness and hardware line at prices guaranteed as low as can be found in Boston.

LYMAN LAWRENCE. Main Street, Lexington

SPRINGFIELD F. & M.

INSURANCE COMPANY.

R. W. HILLIARD, - - - Agent.

Leonard A. Saville,

Dealer in Staple and Fancy

GROCERIES, FARMING TOOLS,

GRASS AND GARDEN SEEDS,

STOCKBRIDGE FERTILIZERS

AND PACIFIC GUANO IN ANY QUANTITY, AT LOW RATES

Also a full line of

Paints, Oils, Brushes, Glass, Putty and Painters' Supplies.

This store is also stocked with an unusually full line of Glass, Crockery, Stone, Earthen and Wooden Ware, together with Brooms, Brushes, Mats, Pails, Tubs; a great variety of Fancy Articles, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, etc. Goods delivered free of charge.

WILLIAM J. DINSMORE,

FLORIST,

Conservatories, 273 North Ave., opp. Day St.

NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Choice Roses and Smilax, Cut Flowers, General Collection of Bedding, Basket and

Ornamental Plants.

FLORAL DECORATIONS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Funeral Designs a Specialty.

ARTISTIC WORK, PROMPT AND PERSONAL ATTENTION.

We are in Telephone communication with the Suburban and Telephone Despatch Company Subscriber's and Pay Stations. Call for Number 7121, and any orders or inquiries received through the above medium, or by mail or telegraph, will receive prompt and careful attention.

Orders left with O. W. Whittemore, druggist, corner Arlington Avenue and Medford St., or C. W. Hastings, grocer, corner of Arlington Avenue and Pleasant St., will be promptly attended to.

Goods delivered in any part of Arlington, Lexington or Belmont.

Smart

HOUSE TO LET IN LEXINGTON.

Containing seven rooms. Pleasantly situated on Main Street.

Enquire of

29 Jun 18 ASA COTTRELL.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Cairn Robbins, late of Lexington, in said County, deceased.

Greeting: WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Samuel E. Sewall, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of July, next, at nine o'clock, before noon, to show cause if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Lexington Minuteman, printed at Lexington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

PLUMBING

Properly Planned and

Promptly Performed,

With improved method of ventilation and drainage, by

Wm. Mills & Co.,

237 Washington St., Boston.

Personal attention to work in this vicinity will be given by Edwin Mills. Residence Court St., Arlington. 25may

Temperance Department.

HOME EDUCATION.

Home instruction, in reference to the evil of intemperance and the safety of total abstinence, should begin at an early age. The mother should teach her child that alcohol is the dreaded foe to the happiness of the home; and if the husband and father is taking steps that in after life it would be dangerous for the child to follow, how tenderly, yet how firmly, should the wife and mother urge that his example be unworthy of imitation.

There is a time in the early married life and for a brief time previous to entering the holy union, when the influence of the wife or the affianced cannot well be over estimated; and could she but know her power, and do her duty, so far as it relates to her own happiness in the future, that power could most profitably be used in the overthrow of intemperance. In the home circle, the young wife should watch, with jealous eye, the tendencies to evil, check them at the first by a judicious course of conduct, and ever remember there is an enemy lurking in the community that robs home of its enjoyments and endearments, and brings remorse, shame, and sorrow into many an earthly Eden of happiness. Some writer has said, "the hand that rocks the cradle, rocks the world." The innocent child, cradled in its mother's arms, may become the hardened, besotted inebriate, guilty of crime of every shade; and yet the mother's love is undying, and although the brighter hopes of her early maternal life are destroyed, and the most terrible and revolting scenes may be hers to endure, yet affection still lingers, and her prayers do not cease. Who can measure a mother's love? To the mothers and sisters does the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society make its appeal. Will you not enroll your names in this warfare against intemperance? Will you not aid us in the overthrow of the custom of social drinking? We plead to-day for home instruction and home influence. We ask that the temperance story book may find its place in the library, and that the children of to-day may, say of their mothers, "They have done what they could" to make our land an Eden of happiness by the extermination of the sin of intemperance. The home is older than the church, and its influence should always be in the direction of good morals, pure example, and practical Christianity.

SOCIAL INFLUENCE.

We are so constituted that we must have social intercourse and association with friends. We cannot live wholly to ourselves and for ourselves. If the wealthy, the educated, those who occupy high social positions in any community, are pure in their lives and free from debasing vices, those who occupy less prominent walks in life will follow their example: if, contrariwise, the higher social life is corrupt and degraded, we shall see in the lower rank much that is revolting. Bishop Potter enforces the same idea in these words: "Fashion propagates itself downward. Let this be considered. Do you ask for the treacherous guide whose winning smiles and honeyed accents lead men forward from one degree of indulgence to another till they are besotted and lost? Seek him not in the purlieus of the low grog shop; seek him not in any scene of coarse and vulgar revelry. He is to be found where they meet who are the observed of all observers, there, in the abodes of the rich and admired; there, amid all the enchantments of luxury and elegance, where friend pledges friend, where wine is invoked to lend new animation to gaiety and impart new brilliancy to wit. When you visit, on some errand of mercy, the abodes of the poor and the afflicted; when you look into some home which has been made dark by drunkenness; where hearts are desolated and hearths are cold; where want is breaking in as an armed man; where the wife is heart broken or debased, and children are fast demoralizing; where little can be heard but ribaldry, blasphemy, obscenity,—friends, would you connect effect with cause, and trace this hideous monster back to its true parent? Let your thoughts fly away to some abode of wealth and refinement where conviviality reigns; where, amid joyous greetings and friendly protestations, the flowing bowl goes round; and there you will see that which is sure to make drinking everywhere attractive, and which never fails, and never can fail to make drunkenness common."

A meeting was held last Sunday evening in Tremont Temple under the auspices of the Women's Temperance League. The president of the Women's League, Mrs. E. M. H. Richards, presided, and prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Bartlett. Mrs. Richards explained the object of the league. She said that the petitions asking the Legislature to allow women to vote upon the question of granting licenses struck her with horror, not because of the female suffrage principle, but because of the recognition of the iniquitous license law. In 1879 there was organized the Massachusetts Women's Christian Prohibitory League, intended to be more radical than the Temperance Union. The members felt that they could die, but could not compromise. The pastor of the Tremont Temple Church, Dr. F. M. Ellis, preached on "The Temperance Issue of Politics." He said that God always began with minorities. He saw the end from the beginning. In the

Revolution a young people fought with glorious success against a great nation. The smaller seemed to conquer the greater. The liquor interest seemed to be a great power. It had money, it had capital, it had an army of men surpassing that of both sides in the war of the Rebellion. The large profits and quick returns tempted many into this attractive field. Political parties were afraid of this great force. It was organized, and its organization was its strength. The allies of this great power are the men whom it has depraved, a bad social custom and social influences and political support. On the other side the temperance forces confronted this enormous power under great disadvantages. There was the indifference of professed temperance men; there was the unpopularity of the cause; and the division of temperance forces. The cause was weakened by tacking on side issues, which broke it down. The duty of the hour was continuous, persistent agitation. There must be unity of effort and unity of purpose.

A great many women complain of their feet aching badly. There are many remedies. A change of shoes is a great rest so aching feet, so is a bath in either hot or cold water; brisk rubbing with a crash towel; lying down for a few minutes; rest laying them up on another chair, or even a rubbing with a dry towel; bending the toes this way and that with the hands, and sometimes a rubbing with salt and water or vinegar and water. No wonder our faithful old travellers who have stuck to us through thick and thin, and through all seasons and times and places, do grow weary in obeying our wishes.

WILL CURE ALL DISEASES of the SKIN.
Vegetine
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER
Dizziness, Liver and Kidney Complaint.


CINCINNATI, O.
H. K. Stevens—Dear Sir: I have received great benefit from the use of the Vegetine, and can safely recommend it for Dizziness, Rush of Blood to the Head, and a general blood purifier. It has also been used by other members of my family for Liver and Kidney Complaints.
Mrs. A. C. ULRICH,
200 Baymiller St.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.
Boston, Mass.
Mr. H. K. Stevens—Dear Sir: I have been using Vegetine for some time with the greatest satisfaction, and can highly recommend it as a great cleanser and purifier of the blood.
J. L. HANNAFORD,
Pastor of Eglington Square M. E. Church.

A MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS.
I testify to the beneficial effects of VEGETINE, as used in my family for the past six years. We consider it invaluable as a blood medicine for both children and adults, and endeavor to always keep a supply on hand.
Yours, &c.,
C. A. JACKSON,
Business Manager South Boston Inquirer

Vegetine
IS THE BEST
SPRING AND SUMMER MEDICINE.
Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

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Carriages, Harnesses, Whips,
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THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR
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IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.
SAVES LABOR, TIME AND SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.
To the heirs at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary Ann Moore, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased.
Greeting:
WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Samuel B. Moore, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of July, next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.
And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing the same once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Arlington Advocate, printed at Arlington, the last publication to be two days at least, before said Court.
Witness the hand of the Judge, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three.
J. H. TYLER, Register.

AND STILL
Another Great Reduction
—IN—
CARPETS.
We have taken from our Wholesale Wareroom
250 ROLLS
—OF—
TAPESTRY BRUSSELS,
Which we shall sell, with borders to match, at the lowest price ever offered, viz:
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These are very much better patterns and quality than the goods that have been sold for 62 1/2 and 65c. Don't fail to look at them if you want a carpet. We have a few of the

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Left at 95c. All wool, new patterns, and perfect goods.

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are all ready for summer,
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GAUZE UNDERWEAR,
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White Skirts, Sacks, Waists, Ties,
Hosiery, Gloves, Bathing Caps,
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In connection with one of the best lines of
DRY AND FANCY GOODS
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Please to remember we are the only
Agents for the National Laundry,
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Butterick's Patterns.
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Bank Building, Arlington.

Table Board! During the summer months or longer, parties desiring table board can be accommodated by Mrs. Whittemore, corner of Arlington Avenue and Water street, Arlington. Terms reasonable.
23jun3w

Arlington Advocate

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DEPARTMENT,

furnished with a stock of plain and fancy job type, which enables us to do any sort of work

Neatly, Quickly and Cheaply.

As our machinery is run by power, we can compete with Boston establishments in the speed with which we can print, and the character of work furnished our customers in the past is the best guarantee of what we shall be likely to do in the future. Anything from the most elaborate book, blank or poster work to the smallest address card, can now be printed in this office in a manner to satisfy the taste of the most fastidious. New type will be added from time to time as new styles make their appearance, in order to keep pace with the advance made by the type foundries, and thus maintain our job printing office in the very front rank.

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NO. 2 SWAN'S BLOCK, Arlington Ave.

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SAVINGS BANK BUILDING,
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Dentistry in all its branches.

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FASHIONABLE GOODS.
LATEST IMPORTATIONS.
NEW STYLES.
FRANK J. ROGERS,
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Merrifield's Building,
Would call attention to his stock of Suitings, selected with great care and embracing a larger stock than ever before shown here. Garments cut in the latest style, made up in the best manner under personal supervision, and warranted to fit in every case.
Call and examine the new goods.

CHARLES GOTT,
Carriage
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BLACKSMITH,
Arlington ave. opp Arlington Hotel, Arlington.

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Has already finished and in course of building,
HEAVY MARKET AND MANURE WAGONS,
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Sunday morning, can be supplied by leaving their orders at Jackson Brother's Market, for the Arlington Bakery.

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CIVIL ENGINEER
AND SURVEYOR,
ARLINGTON, - - MASS.

Orders sent by mail or left with Dr. J. I. Peatfield, dentist, No. 8 Bank Building, Arlington, will receive prompt attention. Estate surveyed and divided. Streets laid out and grades established. Surveys and plans for sewerage, drainage and water works. Accuracy and reasonable prices guaranteed.
Main office and deposit of plans, Medford Mass.
Apply to H. MOTT.
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J. HENRY HARTWELL,
Funeral and Furnishing



UNDERTAKER,
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Personal attention will be given to all calls, and no pains will be spared to meet the wishes of those requiring the services of an Undertaker, in every particular.
COFFINS, CASKETS, ROBES,
of any desired pattern or required quality furnished at shortest notice.

HEARSE, CARRIAGES, FLOWERS, &c.,
SUPPLIED AS DESIRED.
Having had large experience, the subscriber feels sure of meeting in every particular the requirements of his business.
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Carpenter Work of every kind. Estimates and Plans for buildings as desired. Personal attention to all orders. 25may6m

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CHOICE GREEN-HOUSE FLOWERS,
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FLORAL DECORATIONS.
Of every description.
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Jobbing and repairing promptly done. Particular attention given to fitting up Bathrooms Window and door screens made to order.

A. H. POTTER,
WATCHMAKER,
10 Bromfield St.,
And 290 Washington Street, Boston.

TO LET.
The homestead of the late Geo. H. Gray, on Pleasant Street. Also,

House Lots for Sale.
Apply to Wm. Minot, Jr., 39 Court Street, or to John Gray, 2 Sewall Place, off 16 Milk Street, Boston. 30apr1w

For Sale in Arlington.
For sale in Arlington, near the centre station two good Houses, a nice stable with one of them, two acres of land well stocked with apple, pear, cherry and peach trees and quince, currant and gooseberry bushes, grape vines and other small fruits all in thrifty bearing condition. Need but to be examined to be appreciated.
Also, To Let.
A fine house and large stable, with five acres good land, with fruit trees. Terms very easy. Apply to H. MOTT.
Arlington, March 23d, 1885. 20apr11f

Boston & Lowell Railroad.

ON and after JUNE 25, 1885, trains will run as follows:—

LEAVE Boston FOR Prison Station, at 7.05, 9.30, a. m.; 1.45, 4.20, 6.25, 7.11, 11.30, p. m. Return at 6.30, 7.30, 8.45, a. m.; 12.35, 4.50, 7.19, 10.30, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass., at 7.05, 9.30, a. m.; 1.45, 4.20, 6.25, 7.11, 11.30, p. m. Return at 6.30, 7.30, 8.45, a. m.; 12.35, 4.50, 7.19, 10.30, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford at 7.05, 9.30, a. m.; 1.45, 4.20, 6.25, 7.11, 11.30, p. m. Return at 6.30, 7.30, 8.45, a. m.; 12.35, 4.50, 7.19, 10.30, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Lexington at 7.05, 9.30, a. m.; 1.45, 4.20, 6.25, 7.11, 11.30, p. m. Return at 6.30, 7.30, 8.45, a. m.; 12.35, 4.50, 7.19, 10.30, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington at 6.30, 7.05, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30, a. m.; 12.30, 1.45, 2.45, 4.30, 5.50, 6.25, 7.05, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30, p. m. Return at 6.14, 7.00, 7.27, 7.58, 8.22, 9.00, 9.32, 10.46, a. m.; 12.11, 12.22, 4.10, 5.18, 5.33, 6.30, 6.50, 8.10, 9.31, 11.10, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR North Avenue at 6.30, 7.05, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30, a. m.; 12.30, 1.45, 2.45, 4.30, 5.50, 6.25, 7.05, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30, p. m. Return at 6.14, 7.00, 7.27, 7.58, 8.22, 9.00, 9.32, 10.46, a. m.; 12.11, 12.22, 4.10, 5.18, 5.33, 6.30, 6.50, 8.10, 9.31, 11.10, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR West Somerville at 6.30, 7.05, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30, a. m.; 12.30, 1.45, 2.45, 4.30, 5.50, 6.25, 7.05, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30, p. m. Return at 6.14, 7.00, 7.27, 7.58, 8.22, 9.00, 9.32, 10.46, a. m.; 12.11, 12.22, 4.10, 5.18, 5.33, 6.30, 6.50, 8.10, 9.31, 11.10, p. m.

↑ Wednesdays excepted. † Wednesdays only. SUNDAY TRAINS leave Prison Station at 8.45, a. m.; leave Boston at 12.40, p. m.

J. F. CROCKETT,
Supt. of Transportation.

Menotomy Hall, Arlington
TO LET.
Parties desiring the use of Menotomy Hall for Parties, Lectures, Concerts, or other purposes, can be accommodated on application to THOMAS RODEN,
No. 6 Bacon Street.
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GEORGE HATCH.
SUCCESSOR TO HATCH & RUGES,
DEALER IN

Fresh, Smoked and Salt Fish,
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Oysters, Clams, Lobsters, &c.
Goods delivered in any part of the town, FREE OF CHARGE.
Orders for goods not on hand promptly filled. 43-44

MISS E. & M. A. BALL,
DRESS-MAKERS,
Wyman House, Webster Street, ARLINGTON, MASS.
The latest styles and patterns always on hand and to show customers. Personal attention to all orders, and satisfaction guaranteed. Special attention to cutting and fitting stylish outside spring garments. 30mar3m

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Hacks, Barges, and Teams,
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Special attention to Weddings, Funerals, Etc
W. H. H. TUTTLE,
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OFFICE:

53 Devonshire St., BOSTON.
Elevator at No. 47 Devonshire Street.

VETERINARY NOTICE.

Mr. Chas. Byrne,
Graduate of the Royal Veterinary College, Edinburgh, and member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, England,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
Begs to inform the inhabitants of Arlington and Lexington, and neighborhood, that he can be consulted upon the Diseases of Horses, Cattle, etc., at his office,
DOVER STREET, BOSTON.
Also at his residence, Hancock Street, Lexington, before 8 a. m. and after 5 p. m., and trusts, by strict attention and moderate charges, to give every satisfaction to those who employ him.
N. B.—Orders can be left with Mr. Calvin Andrews, Arlington. apr3-3m

REMOVAL!

J. S. MERRILL & SON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

PAPER HANGINGS,
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—AND—
Merrill's Patent Wall Hooks,
Have Removed to

26 & 28 WASHINGTON STREET.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

THAT AWFUL COWBOY.

He wore but one suspender,
And with neither coat nor vest;
He was on a high old bender
In a peaceful town out West;
His maddly homespun trousers
Were in his boot-legs stuck,
And his yells at times, old rousers,
He said were "just for luck."

He had a big horse-pistol,
And he stated he could smash
A small-sized watch's crystal
At a hundred yards, for cash.
He wore no tie or collar,
And his shirt, not over fine,
Cost just one-half a dollar
In the days of "An' Lang Syne."

He scorned the town officials,
Unmindful of their stars,
And carved uncouth initials
On the village liquor bars.
He seemed to have no money,
And when'er he took a drink
He called the landlord "sonny,"
And paid him with a wink.

With noisy song and whistle
He on a horseback sat,
And fired his old horse-pistol
At the mayor's bee-gum hat.
He paled the ladies' faces
With his loud, sardonic laugh,
And made uncouth grimaces
At the constable and staff.

But a fellow met this cowboy
And caught him by the ear,
And said, quite coolly, "Now, boy,
"This time you get from here!"
Then he shook up his digestion
In a way that raised a laugh,
And proved beyond a question
That the cowboy was a calf.

A PRESENTIMENT.

If there was anything "in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth," that Mrs. William Perkins was afraid of, it was a burglar! When a mere child, her father's house had been broken into and robbed, and the remembrance of the excitement of that time was too strong to be ever effaced. And ever since she had had a house of her own, she had been expecting a similar occurrence. Not a night passed that she didn't look in the closet or under the bed, and her husband jokingly declared that she even examined the soap-dish and match-safe in the expectation of beholding a fierce robber concealed therein!

She was indeed a timid little body, starting nervously at the slightest sound, always on the lookout for "signs," and now and then, when "blue" and depressed, declaring that "she had a presentiment."

"I believe something is going to happen to-night, William," she said, late one summer evening, as she sat on the edge of the bed and unbuttoned her shoe. "I have had such a heavy, weighed-down feeling all the afternoon."

"You coop yourself up too much, my dear. A run over the hills or a call at a neighbor's would tone you up wonderfully."

His wife looked injured. "I thought you didn't approve of women gadding about," she said, with a pout.

"Not gadding, my dear, of course not. I only meant taking necessary exercise. But," anxious to avoid a storm, "what makes you blue to-night?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, unless it's thinking about burglars. Did you know that the Millers, who live up on the creek road, had their house entered last week? The thieves got a watch, a pair of earrings and quite a sum of money. I truly believe they'll pay us a visit before long," and Mrs. Perkins shuddered as she tied her nightcap strings.

"Well, let them come!" said her husband, coolly, as he laid his tired head on the pillow. "They've been coming ever since we've been married and kept house, and that's—let me see—nine years in June. Takes 'em a long while—hey, Betty?"

"You needn't laugh. It's no joking matter. And I tell you what," impressively, "I know that something is going to happen—I feel it in my bones."

About 12 o'clock that night Mr. Perkins was awakened by two cold hands clasping his neck, while his wife, with chattering teeth, whispered:

"William!—William! Wake up! Somebody is stealing your Plymouth Rocks!"

This was enough to fully arouse him, for he was something of a poultry fancier, and the Plymouth Rock fowls, being at that time a very rare breed, had been purchased by him at an extravagant price.

He sprang out of bed, seized his revolver, and hurried downstairs and out at the back door. It was a warm summer night, and he experienced no discomfort in his light and airy attire.

Just as he approached the henhouse the thief ran from it. No human burglar, indeed, but instead a small black and white animal, a weasel or a cat—which, Mr. Perkins could not tell. But the animal, whatever it was, had one of his young Plymouth Rock chickens in its mouth.

"The pesky thing," muttered Mr. Perkins. "I wonder if I can catch it." And away he started in pursuit.

Down the garden walk went the thief—out under the front gate and across the road. Regardless of the stones and mud, and of his own scant attire, Mr. Perkins followed. There was a rush—then a scramble, a sprawl—a spiteful scratching and spitting—and the next instant Mr. Perkins had the struggling, furry body in his grasp.

Fortunately, the culprit proved to be only a cat. Its victim was limp and lifeless.

Angry and disappointed, Mr. Perkins bestowed a parting kick on the murderous feline, and then, holding the poor little Plymouth Rock in his hand, he turned to retrace his steps to the house.

But just at this instant, around a curve in the road, not more than a dozen rods away, was heard the sound of horse's hoofs and carriage wheels.

The moon threw a broad, white light upon the road, and Mr. Perkins knew that he could not recross without being seen by the occupants of the approaching vehicle. Accordingly, he darted behind a clump of elder bushes, and, crouching down, waited in breathless anxiety.

"Jerusalem!" he muttered to himself. "This is a pretty pickle for a deacon of the church to be in!"

Nearer and nearer came the carriage, the horse jogging along at a funereal rate—evidently the driver was in no hurry.

There were two persons in the carriage. The moonlight fell full on their faces, and Mr. Perkins, peering through the bushes, recognized Henry Martin, a likely young farmer of the vicinity, and Dora Sanders, his sweetheart. It may be well to state just here that the two were returning from a party at which, for a wonder, fair Dora had been so unusually gracious that young Martin, hitherto a very timid lover, had courageously made up his mind to go through the trying ordeal of "popping the question" on their homeward journey. Indeed, by the time they had reached the Perkins' domain, he had actually gotten so far as to say in stammering tone:

"And now, Dora, you know, just as well as I do, that I would do anything for you. Because—because—you know I do—"

"Oh, oh, oh!" screamed Dora, for just at this instant, the horse, being endowed with the short-sightedness of animals in general, had suddenly seen something white in the bushes—in fact, nothing less than a gleam of Mr. Perkins' flowing drapery—and, much frightened, shied to the other side of the road.

Coaxing, commands and even the whip availed nothing. Balking and determined, he would not pass the unknown object.

"Blast the creature! What ails him? He's never acted so before," Martin exclaimed.

"Don't whip him again! He's frightened. He sees something in the bushes. I know he does—I see it myself—it's something white."

"A garment blown from a clothes-line. Or, maybe it's a newspaper. I'll go and see."

"No! Don't leave the horse! He's too nervous. Just see how he trembles. You hold him by the bridle and I'll go and see what it is," and with a nimble bound, Dora sprang from the carriage and walked toward the bushes.

Now Mr. Perkins was not a nervous man, but his predicament at this particular minute was not very pleasant. The thought of his scant attire filled him with consternation. And there she—a fine, modest young lady!—was every moment drawing nearer and nearer. A mortifying discovery was inevitable! The only alternative was to take refuge in flight.

The next instant young Martin and Miss Dora were started at seeing a tall, white figure spring from behind the clump of bushes, dart across the road, and, half-lost among the shadows, creep along the side of the fence.

The horse, rendered frantic by this sudden apparition, gave a violent plunge, and, breaking loose from his master's hold, rushed madly down the road.

"Oh, Henry! What is it? A ghost—I'm sure it is! You know that a peddler was found murdered just about here years ago. And I've heard the place is haunted! Oh, it's a ghost!—it's a ghost!"

"Nonsense! Ten chances to one it's a burglar up to some devilry. I'm going to shoot at him—that's what I am!"

For, knowing that he would have to ride five miles over a lonely road, and having his mind somewhat exercised by the reports of there being burglars about, Harry Martin had that evening taken the precaution to bring a revolver with him. Drawing this out now, he cried, excitedly:

"Speak, or I'll shoot!"

Unfortunately, Mr. Perkins was a little bit deaf, and, in his trepidation, did not hear what was said. His only desire was to get within the shelter of his own house. For several yards along the fence there grew a row of briar-roses, and here he floundered, the sharp thorns clinging to his garment and lacerating his flesh, as he vainly strove to find some opening through which he might climb over.

Just as he put one foot on the lower rail in the act of leaping over, he heard the report of the pistol and felt a shot stinging in the fleshy part of his leg. Groaning with pain, he sank upon the grass.

"Good heavens, Dora! It's Mr. Perkins himself!" young Martin exclaimed, overcome with horror and dismay.

The confusion of the next hour may be easily imagined. Dora rushed up to the house. She was met at the door by Mrs. Perkins, whose alarm at the long absence of her husband had been increased by the report of the pistol. Fortunately, the little woman acted like many other nervous persons, who, weak at imaginary dangers, are strong in time of real trouble; and, repressing her emotion, she calmly assisted Mr. Martin and Dora in bringing in the helpless body of her husband.

But an hour later, when Mr. Perkins lay comfortably in bed, rejoicing in the assurance that the wound was trifling, his wife could not help saying as she sank into an easy-chair beside him:

"I knew that something would happen to-night! What do you think of my presentiment now, Mr. Perkins?"

Teachers in the public schools of Nashville raise silk cocoons, and make money by selling them to Northern buyers.

The average salary of Methodist ministers in New England is \$560.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Rusty Plow.

"If you have a very rusty plow," says a writer in the Cincinnati Times, "pour about eight ounces of sulphuric acid, as purchased at the apothecary's, into a quart of water; do this slowly and very carefully, for it will burn hands, clothing or almost anything else; also use an earthen or crockery vessel rather than a tin or iron one. Apply this to the rusty surface two or three times, making each application as soon as the former one is dry. Then wash with clear water, and repeat the process. Give some of the worst spots a rub with a bit of Bristol brick; wash again with water and wipe dry. Put a little kerosene around the bolts, and take the plow to pieces, scouring each piece to get off the remaining rust spots if necessary. This sounds like a formidable process, but the whole operation ought not to take over an hour. Oil all the exposed surfaces with kerosene when you set the plow away, and when you do your spring plowing a very few turns will finish off the balance of the rust."

A New Use for Sawdust.

A writer to the Home and Farm makes mention of the use of sawdust in planting potatoes, and asserts that the product where sawdust was used was twice as great as where none was used, and larger and smoother. It was not stated whether the sawdust had been used as an absorbent, as it originally came from the saw, which would make considerable difference. Neither was it stated how much was used in the hill, nor whether the sawdust was from hard or soft wood, all of which are very important considerations. But it is hardly probable that this article in its native state will be used very extensively as a fertilizer until more is known about it, although if as stated the yield of potatoes can be doubled by its use, at the present time, when there are so many portable mills at work in the general destruction of the forests of New England, and sawdust is accumulating in quantities, if it can be utilized as profitably, it certainly should be done.

Within a few years farmers in Columbia, Conn., have been in the habit of carting from a permanent steam-mill the sawdust that accumulated, using it as an absorbent and for bedding purposes, but no claim has ever been made, nor has it been suggested, that of itself it possessed any agricultural value further than its absorptive power, but that it exerted a remarkably beneficial mechanical effect upon the manure with which it was incorporated, so that it very much aided its disintegration or pulverization, a thing that is always desirable. Sawdust is a substance that is useful to the farmer in the office it performs as an absorbent and disintegrator, and also in the use that is so satisfactorily made of it for packing around the ice of an ice-house, but its further use has not yet been satisfactorily proved.

Farm and Garden Notes.

An extensive cattle and poultry raiser in Iowa states that he has no trouble with vermin on his beasts and birds when they have a chance to "dust themselves" and have an opportunity to eat onions once a week.

A Kentucky farmer cures fowl cholera by boiling a bushel of smartweed in ten gallons of water down to three gallons, and mixing the decoction with their feed twice a day for three days, then every other day for a week.

Many horses are actually killed by kindness. Letting them stand in the stable from one week's end to another without any exercise of any kind, because they might hurt themselves if let run loose, is very injurious. To keep them in the right condition it is necessary that they be exercised every day.

When a potato is exposed to the light in a cellar the eyes nearly all start a good healthy green sprout, but if in a pile, or in darkness, only the strongest eyes grow long, white worthless sprouts. Hence seed potatoes should be spread thinly in the light. The sprouts should not be broken off when cutting the seed for planting.

It has been discovered that there is less potash in the leaves of diseased grapevines than in healthy specimens. The lack of potash is made up by an excess of lime. It is possible that lack of mineral fertilizers may be the cause of many diseases of trees and other plants, and that farmers and gardeners may yet have to consult the vegetable and grain doctor.

Millet is an excellent fodder plant, of which cows are exceedingly fond. It is a warm weather crop, and needs to be grown on a light, sandy soil. By manuring well it may be made to produce from two to five tons of hay to the acre. A copious flow of milk is produced by cutting the millet, salting slightly, moistening, and sprinkling with a little meal.

Early-hatched chickens are more vigorous than those produced later in the season, when hot and dry weather adds half the eggs while incubation is in progress. It is more trouble to care for the very earliest chickens during cold, wet weather in March and April, but the cockerels will bring fancy prices as early broilers, and the pullets will be good layers next winter.

Some Western breeders state that it is a mistake to suppose that the cross of the Cotswold and Merino to be an improvement on the originals. The wool is neither the best for combing, nor can it compete in the market with that from pure Merino in fineness. The carcass is not equal to the Cotswold, and the cross is not suitable in other respects, as the Cotswold thrives only on good pasturage, while the Merino is an active forager.

The editor of the American Gardener says he has followed the mole tracks

under rows of dead plants, and has always found on their roots the peculiar marks of the gnawing of the grubs, proving that the latter were already engaged in their destructive work, being arrested only by the timely arrival of the mole, which, after having found his prey, would not follow the same row on a fool's errand, but would make a short cut to the next row, where his sharp scent indicated other grubs.

Deep drains, the Chicago Journal affirms, are best because they secure the slow percolation of the water, giving the soil a chance to take up or absorb the nutritive properties which in the other case would go directly into the drain and be lost. The drain first carries off the very cold water of the subsoil, and the warmer surplus moisture from above takes its place, warms the land, and hence offers a larger area for the roots of the crops to amplify, and thus gather up greater stores of plant food.

T. B. Terry, of Hudson, writes to an Eastern journal that he feeds his work-team on hay alone, and yet they are very fleshy, and show a constant gain, and that for thirteen years he never had a sick or "dead" horse, and that "his team will kick up their heels, and shine as though oiled." His plan is to cut clover and timothy, sown together June 15, and well cure it. The feed is what they will eat in ninety minutes, three times per day, and at \$8 per ton it costs him about twenty-four cents per day to keep his team, or about sixty pounds being their daily ration.

An exchange says that the difference between the yield of eggs in the most prolific cases, as compared with poor layers, is as three or four to one. In favorable instances individual hens have been known to produce 250 eggs per year. Yet 200 is reached so seldom as to be called a remarkable yield. The greatest average yield that we have ever had ourselves, in a flock of twelve hens, was 147 eggs per annum, while the greatest average in twelve flocks, numbering in all 200 layers of various breeds, was 162 eggs. In the latter cages there were eight different breeds, and some were old hens and others were pullets, and many of the number were employed a part of the time hatching and rearing chickens.

Recipes.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Nine pounds of peaches, three pounds of sugar and three quarts of good cider vinegar. Peel the peaches and stick two cloves in each peach, then put them with the sugar and vinegar in a porcelain-lined kettle. Cook from five to ten minutes.

SLICED CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Slice cucumbers and a few onions. Sprinkle with salt; let them remain several hours; then scald in vinegar. After that take dry mustard and rub through them thoroughly. Spice to taste, and add a little sugar, then cover with cold vinegar.

GREEN PEAS STEWED.—Shell a peck of green peas; put into a saucepan four tablespoonsful of butter, a large sprig of green mint, one green onion, a level teaspoonful of salt, half a salt-spoonful of pepper and the peas, and stew gently only until the peas are tender; keep the saucepan covered, and occasionally shake it to prevent burning; add no water; as soon as the peas are tender remove the mint and onion, and serve the peas very hot.

PUREE OF CELERY.—Wash some large-sized celery sticks, cook them until quite tender in boiling salt and water. When done take out, drain off all moisture, and pass through a hair sieve into a basin for use. Melt one ounce of butter in a stewpan, add the celery puree, salt to taste, a tablespoonful of flour, and two of thick double cream; a piece of sugar the size of a nut, and a little stock should be necessary. Simmer the whole gently until thoroughly heated through and thickened. Serve garnished with sippets of fried butter, or, if preferred, on slices of cold beef or mutton plainly grilled. The perfection of a well-concocted puree lies in its extreme softness on the palate. To insure this it is often wise to add some finely-sifted breadcrumbs to the already cooked vegetable before it is passed through the sieve, and work it through together, which does duty for, and proves a more efficient agent than the flour for all thickening purposes. Cream should always be used; there is nothing for its substitute. Sugar should likewise never, on any account, be omitted from a puree, either in a lesser or greater degree, according to the taste of the consumer, for it helps in no small measure to soften it.

Measuring Kisses.

At a Chicago railroad station, on the arrival of a train, thirteen kisses were measured as to duration from the instant of contact to that of culmination. Two of these were so instantaneous that the observers noted them at a hundredth part of a second, and four more were rather guessed than actually timed at a fiftieth. All these were between women. The next group of five kisses were recorded at a twentieth. The couples were divided as to sex, but were made up of persons whose ties were presumably those of consanguinity. Then came a full half-minute kiss—that of a little girl and a man, who was doubtless her father. The longest of the thirteen was over a minute, according to the timekeeper, but the record was questioned, on the ground that there was a succession of kisses instead of a continuous conjunction of the lips. This couple was composed either of young married folks or of sweethearts, who felt sure that they were among total strangers. There was no hurry or reserve about their greeting.

Ericsson, the inventor of the Monitor, still works twelve hours a day, though he is eighty years old. In summer he bathes with crushed ice.

HEALTH HINTS.

Turpentine applied to a cut is a preventive of lockjaw.

A writer in one of the medical journals says he has found the application of a strong solution of chromic acid, three or four times a day, by means of a camel's-hair pencil, to be the best and easiest method for removing warts.

To quiet the burning of ivy-poisoned hands, wet them with hot lime-water. This will be efficacious sometimes when nothing else does any good.

Professor See, of the Hotel Dieu, Paris, says that the new extract of lily-of-the-valley is one of the most important remedies in heart disease known. It is a powerful poison.

A German doctor recommends bread made with sea water as a wonderful remedy against scrofula and disorders resulting from insufficient nourishment. Sea water ought to stand twelve hours before being used for making dough, in order to free it from impurities. Bread made with it has no unpleasant taste.

The Champion Wrestler.

Probably the meanest trick ever played upon a guileless stranger was consummated at Muldoon's training quarters, Stag's Lake Merced resort, the other day.

While a party of visitors to the wrestler were sitting on the porch, a hack drove up containing ex-Governor Perkins, Bishop Kip, and two just arrived English tourists of distinction, one of whom was a dude of the most pronounced and unmistakable type.

As soon as this rara avis descended from his carriage for refreshments, Senator McCarthy at once concocted a fell scheme, into which he initiated the other bold bad men at his side. He immediately sought Muldoon in his room, and told him that a noted English wrestler had just arrived on the Australian steamer, and that the boys had put up a job to the effect that the new man was to be introduced to the champion as a simple traveler; that he was to wait his opportunity, seize Muldoon when off his guard, and down him "just for a flyer."

"So that is the scheme, eh?" said Muldoon, grimly. "Well, I'll see if I can't give our Australian friend a little surprise party."

McCarthy then minutely described the formidable stranger, who, he said, could be particularly distinguished by an eyeglass and a white rose in his buttonhole.

A few minutes afterward the new arrivals were introduced to the wrestler, and were chatting pleasantly together, the conspirators being much amused by the sidelong glances with which the champion kept measuring every movement of the unsuspecting object of their plot.

Bishop Kip was just finishing a disquisition upon the general merits of muscular Christianity, when, with one of those panther-like springs that so disconcerted Donald Dinnie, Muldoon seized the dude, who stood placidly sucking the knob of his cane, and with a powerful twist flung him clear over his shoulder through the air, the astonished Englishman alighting on the back of his neck, in a rosebush, a dozen feet off.

"Put up a job on me, will you?" said Muldoon, with a chuckle.

The uproar that followed was past description. The dude screamed for the police. Governor Perkins rushed out to telegraph for the militia, while the venerable bishop hastily mounted a chicken coop, under the impression that he was the victim of a Phoenix park plot for his personal assassination.

It was at least ten minutes before the matter was explained by the mysterious disappearance of the senator and his friends, who had inconspicuously left for the city early in the difficulty. The matter was finally compromised, and the victim sent home in a hack with a liberal supply of arnica, but still expressing his determination to write to the British minister at Washington regarding the outrage. We will be in big luck if an international imbroglio or something else expensive does not come of the matter yet. Meanwhile, McCarthy is hiding somewhere in the foothills until Muldoon signs an agreement not to knock him out in one round.—San Francisco Post.

The Grave of the Vivandiere.

In soldiers' section B, row 27, near the big pine in the southwestern part of the Soldiers' cemetery, a plain granite monument stands, inscribed: "Catherine Hodges, Company K, Fifth Louisiana, 1863." The grave is never overlooked. Every Memorial day flowers are to be found upon it. The deceased is well remembered by many of our citizens. She came to Virginia as the vivandiere of her company. It was her intention to nurse the sick and care for the wounded. Her life was devoted to the Confederate cause. In some of the holiday parades that marked the presence of Southern soldiers here in the early days of the war, with gay red cap and zouave-like dress, she marched at the head of the command to which she was attached. Her mission was to nurse others, but she herself soon required nursing. She fell sick and died and was buried with the soldiers—one poor, lone woman among 12,000 men.—Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.

The fashionable New York stores employ from 100 to 500 clerks, to whom are added dress-makers and other attaches, which add three-fold to the number. Such employment cannot be considered healthy, since the air is close and unwholesome, but there is a pressure to obtain it, and at present there are a hundred applicants for each vacancy. Salesmen receive from \$7 to \$12 a week, while "heads of stock" rate from \$18 to \$20. These "heads" have charge of specialties, and are responsible for their management.

FOR SOMEBODY'S SAKE.

As over life's mountains and vale
Our pilgrimage journey we take,
We add to our trouble and care,
And heavier burdens we bear
For somebody's sake.

Though deeply we're wounded by grief,
Though the heart may continue to ache,
Our sorrows we keep out of sight,
And our faces are smiling and bright
For somebody's sake.

We labor and toil all the day
And many a sacrifice make,
And at night may be weary and worn
With the trials we've cheerfully borne
For somebody's sake.

What wonderful tasks we achieve!
What wonderful deeds undertake!
And how sweet is the victory won,
When all we've accomplished was done
For somebody's sake!

The struggle that's only for self
No joy among angels may wake,
But the brightest of crowns will be given
To those who have suffered and striven
For somebody's sake.

—Congregationalist.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The farmer's inquiry—"Hay?"

Noah was never afraid of starvation during the flood. He always had a Ham in the ark.

Directions for resuscitating a half-drowned individual: If it's a girl whisper ice cream in her ear.

When a woman wants to be pretty she bangs her hair, and when she wants to be ugly she bangs the door.

Women do not suffer as much as they used to, in old times, from contraction of the chest. Just look at the size of the Saratoga trunks.—Texas Siftings.

A case is on record where a barber and his victim were both happy. The former talked on without interruption and the latter was deaf.—Toledo American.

A Hartford boy can imitate the sound of a dog-bark perfectly, and twice the police have had to rescue him from disappointed crowds.—Boston Post.

The man who wrote a little pamphlet entitled "How to Get On in the World," was put off a street car the other day because he hadn't money enough to pay his fare.—Norristown Herald.

"Ma, is Long Branch an awful dirty place?" "Why, no, my child—what made you think so?" "Why, here is an advertisement that says it is washed by the tide twice a day."—Burlington Free Press.

"My big brother can ride on a bicycle with two wheels," said one small boy to another. "Good golly, that's nothing!" replied the other. "Why, my little brother can ride on one with three wheels."—Kentucky State Journal.

Making him feel at home: Enfant Terrible—"Oh, papa, do ask Mr. Gobe-mouche to swallow his napkin." Guest (smilingly)—"Why do you wish me to do that, Miss Alice?" Alice, (earnestly)—"Oh, because mamma says you will swallow anything."

He slipped quietly in at the door, but catching sight of an inquiring face over the stair-rail, said: "Sorry so late, my dear, couldn't get a car before." "So the cars were full too," said the lady; and further remarks were unnecessary.—Georgia Major.

The man who has a country cousin with a desirable farm residence is now busy trying to explain how it happened that, during the winter season the c. c. visited the town, he was never able to find his fashionable relative at home or get admission to the house.—Fall River Advance.

"An American young lady singer went to Europe bearing the name of Mary Jane Boggs, and her cognomen is now Miss Lina Lafonti." Well, if the residents of the school district where she lived before she took her European tour are unable to recognize her under her assumed name, they will probably have no difficulty in recognizing her voice.—Peck's Sun.

A young man, dressed in the height of fashion, and with a poetic turn of mind, was driving along a country road, and, upon gazing at the pond which skirted the highway, said: "Oh, how I would like to have my heated head in those cooling waters!" An Irishman, overhearing the exclamation, immediately replied: "Bedad, you might have it there and it wouldn't sink."—Pretz's Weekly.

WHO?

Who visits us in summer's heat?
Who bores us often on the street?
Who frequently at home we meet?
Who sails around on pinions fleet?
Who takes in every free-lunch treat?
Who dines with poor and the elite?
Who always gorges on fresh meat?
Who never deigns to take a treat?
But always stands upon his feet
Whenever he's inclined to eat?
Who should it be but that little
Little biter, with the sweet
Name, Mosquit?

—Boston Courier.

A country merchant visited the city and purchased from a dollar store a table-caster, which he took home with him, and after putting a tag on it marked \$14, made a present of it to a Methodist preacher, whose church his family attended. The reverend gentleman took the package home, opened it and examined the contents. The next day he took the caster (with the tag attached) back to the groceryman, and said to him: "I am too poor in this world's goods to afford to display so valuable a caster on my table, and if you have no objection, I should like to return it and take \$14 worth of groceries in its stead." The merchant could do nothing but acquiesce, but fancy his feelings.

It is a fact not generally known that most of the tobacco stems from North Carolina tobacco is manufactured into snuff for the German peasants. They are collected by a Winston firm and shipped thence in immense quantities.

[From our Washington Correspondent.]
WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, July 3, 1883.

The rage for ostrich feathers and plumes, and the large amount expended in their purchase by our fair ladies, has led to a consideration of the subject of ostrich farming, which it is believed can be carried on with great profit in southern Colorado, Texas and New Mexico. A large amount of valuable information has been furnished the state department by consuls and commercial agents of ostrich farming countries as to the manner of conducting this industry,—its expense and profits. From the best information, it is found that the sandy soil and the sage lands of the southwest are admirably suited to feeding and rearing ostriches. In both a wild and domestic state these birds will bear heat and cold without any damage if only sheltered and kept dry during chilling and pelting storms. They sleep on sand or dry gravel, in enclosures or paddocks, which must be kept clean and provided with good, clear running water for drinking and bathing. The ostrich ranch must not be marshy or hilly. The chief expense—to a ranchman in Texas or New Mexico—would be in procuring four breeding pairs and two females to provide for accidents. These would be sufficient as a commencement. Each pair of birds, well fed and nursed, will hatch out a clutch of chickens four times in a year. Each brood will be from ten to fifteen, making from forty to sixty chicks in a year. Breeding birds vary in regard to productiveness. The male commences at five and the female at four. The female lays alternate days, depositing from ten to twenty eggs in a nest prepared by the male in the sand, after which she commences their incubation, which requires forty-two days, the male bird generously relieving his mate at night, carefully turning the eggs so that each may receive the necessary warmth of his body. The male bird hearing the young chicks hammering at the shell breaks it with his breast bone, and with his bill extricates the limp and weak imprisoned chick. After a few hours' brooding by the parent birds, the young long-legs, tottering at each step, sets up business on its own account, and fills its hungry maw with insects, gravel stones, and grass. The old birds never spend any time in feeding their young; indeed, they will devour ravenously the food provided for their chicks.

The cost of a pair of well mated breeders varies from \$200 to \$800, according to quality. The young birds, prior to the fourth year or breeding time, require very little feeding, but when that time arrives they should be fed with cabbage, mangel wurtzel, cactus water, melons, and any kind of green stuff. It is found that the birds bear transportation, and considerable numbers have been shipped to Australia and South American ports, and it is found that young birds from twelve to eighteen months old bear shipment better than breeding pairs. Chicks one year old can be bought at \$40 or \$50. The average height of a full grown African ostrich, when walking in repose, is about seven feet, but an angry or excited male, when on his dignity, will stretch his neck fully ten feet. In Cape Colony young ostriches are herded like sheep in care of two shepherds, who are found sufficient for a flock of one hundred. During the day they graze without separating, and at night fall squat down wherever they may be and wait for morning. Experience shows it is safer to put them in a corral at night, as the fright of one bird is sure to create a panic and stampede the whole flock. When unsheltered they squat down during a rain storm and nothing but fright can force them to move.

The ostrich can be domesticated and trained, and in this condition great fidelity is shown to its owner. In many sections of Africa the birds are raised like chickens in our poultry yards. Among the Nomadic tribes they follow their owners in their wanderings, and when in camp feed about during the day and return at night for shelter under the tent of the master. As a rule these birds are healthy, and rarely become sick, except from gluttony and over feeding. They are peculiarly affected by good or bad treatment, the same as sheep, cattle and horses. The most important question is: Will this industry pay and can it be profitably carried on in our southwestern States? The London market controls the price of feathers and plumes. Wholesale merchants pay from \$50 to \$150 for each plucking, and two are usually taken in a year. Some may have fears that this business will be overdone. Such has not been the experience of the feather market at Cape Colony. Fourteen years ago the total value of feathers shipped from that point was \$350,000, and these were plucked entirely from wild birds. At this time there is over \$20,000,000 invested in this industry, and the annual product is over \$4,500,000. There is no danger of the business being overdone so long as the female sex delight to array themselves in borrowed plumage to gratify proud suitors and doting husbands.

PHAKS.

THE COFFEE HOUSE SYSTEM.

The principal that nature abhors a vacuum is as true in morals as in physics. It seems the merest truism to observe that the surest way to get rid of evil appetites and tendencies is to displace them for good; yet it is curious how little practical application has been made of this truth. Reformers make

strenuous efforts to exorcise the demon of intemperance, forgetting the case of the man out of whom the demon was cast, but into whose empty and garished house flocked other evil spirits, so that his condition at the last was worse than at first. The coffee house experiment, of which Mr Foxcroft gives some account in another column, recognizes the fact that man has social instincts which call for gratification; and, observing the numerous and seductive opportunities which the powers of evil provide for meeting this need, it undertakes to compete with them in the interests of temperance, good morals, and right living. There are in every city hundreds of young men whose homes, if lodging-places and boarding-houses can be called homes, are cheerless, and to whom the only doors which open cordially are those of the theatre, the billiard-room, or the saloon. Some of these young men can be reached by the Christian Associations, and by direct religious influences, but for a larger proportion of them the chasm between the saloon and the prayer-meeting is too broad to be crossed. Christian common sense bridges it with the coffee house. The coffee-house, like the system of Associated Charities, we have borrowed of the English. Scores of coffee houses in the chief cities and towns of England are carrying on a successful competition with the neighboring gin palaces and "pubs;" and hundreds of thousands of pounds invested at first in these enterprises as a matter of philanthropy are yielding a good return to their stockholders. Indeed, in Edinburgh, in some instances the liquor dealers themselves have opened temperance coffee houses, driven to it by the force of a successful competition. Doubt has been expressed whether the coffee house could be successfully transplanted to America, and be made to thrive among a population differing widely from the English in thoughts and habits. This doubt has been strengthened by the failure of the attempt in several places where it has been made. But Mr. Foxcroft's unvarnished narration of facts in the history of the experiment in Boston shows it to have been successful not only as a philanthropic but as a business enterprise, and suggests the feasibility of the plan in other cities. Why not in New York?—*Christian Union*.

A YOUNG OLD LADY.

"Yes, Sir!" I'm younger than any of my Children now," said Mrs. Sarah M. Robinson, of 61 William St., New Haven, Conn.—We read about this kind of noble Ladies, but Seldom see them in Society.

"Yes, sir! I'm younger than any of my children now. I keep up with the times. I read the papers, applaud the victories of old Yale, and don't grow old," were the words of Mrs. Robinson to her reporter when he called at her home. Mrs. Robinson is one of the earnest, go-ahead, sort of aged ladies, of whom you read, but whom you so rarely find in modern society. "I've had my share of trouble," she said, "for all my life I've been a sufferer from erysipelas. From this has resulted diseased stomach and inaction of the digestive organs. I've been troubled with dyspepsia, and have had such a weakness of the stomach it has seemed as if I needed something artificial and strengthening. I attribute this to erysipelas, which is constitutional with me. I've been under the physicians' care a great deal during my life, but I never received any permanent benefit. I think, until I began taking Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY, which has proved a perfect restorative in my case. My health is better now than it has been for a long time. I consider Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY an excellent medicine. It is used extensively in this city. I keep it as a family medicine and rely upon it for I know of the good results of using it."

Your reporter left Mrs. Robinson rejoicing in health and renewed youth, and bestowing merited praise on that which is the source of happiness to thousands, viz—Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY. Ask your druggist for it. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY has become a household word. Everybody, sooner or later, gets sick, and sickness is both wearisome and costly. FAVORITE REMEDY steps in at this point. It is not expensive and is efficient. For all diseases of the blood, bilious disorders, kidney complaints, constipation, and the aches and ills which make the domestic life of women a cross so hard to bear.

ARLINGTON

Miniature Directory, 1883.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Selectmen, Overseers of Poor, etc.—Alonzo W. Damon, Henry J. Locke, Samuel E. Kimball.

Town Clerk, Treasurer and Collector.—B. Delmont Locke. Office at Town Hall. Office hours from 8 to 12; from 2 to 6. Open evenings, Wednesdays excepted.

School Committee.—Dr. Wm. A. Winn, Chairman; C. E. Goodwin, secretary; Timothy O'Leary, Henry Swan, William E. Wood, Rev. C. H. Watson, Rev. Matthew Harkins, A. Willard Damon, Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D.

Library Committee.—James P. Parmenter, John T. Trowbridge, Richard L. Hodgdon.

Water Commissioners.—Henry Mott, Samuel E. Kimball, Warren Rawson.

Water Register, B. Delmont Locke; Supt. of Works, Geo. W. Austin, office at Town Hall.

Superintendent of Streets, G. W. Austin.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Charles Gott, Chief Engineer. George A. Stearns, William Gibson, Assts. Meet last Saturday evening before last Monday in each month.

HIGHLAND ROSE NO. 2.

Foreman, Matthew Rowe 2d; Clerk, John Meade; treasurer, Geo. H. Hill; steward, John Nolan. Meet the second Tuesday in each month.

WM. PENN HOSE NO. 3.

Foreman, Wm. O. Austin; 1st asst. Frank P. Winn; clerk, N. Whittier; treasurer, Warren A. Peirce; steward, Charles E. Bacon. Meet third Tuesday in each month.

MEMOTOMY H. AND L. TRUCK.

Foreman, John Butler; clerk, John Splan; steward, Wm. Sweeney. Meet second Tuesday of each month.

POLICE OFFICERS.

John H. Hartwell, chief. Patrick J. Shean. Garret Barry.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The Library is open every week day afternoon, from 3 to 6 o'clock, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when it is kept open two hours later. The Library is located in Town Hall building. Lizzie J. Newton, Librarian.

ARLINGTON 5 CT. SAV. BANK.

Albert Winn, President.

The offices are in Bank Building, corner of Arlington Avenue and Pleasant Street and are open for business Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and evenings, after three o'clock. Abel R. Proctor, Secretary.

CHURCHES.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. Charles H. Watson, Pastor. Wendell E. Richardson, supt. of S. S. H. E. Chamberlin, assistant. John F. Allen, Jr., secretary and treasurer. Preaching service at 10:45. Sunday School at noon; evening service at 7 o'clock.

FIRST PARISH—UNITARIAN.

Rev. J. P. Forbes, Pastor. Sunday School at 9:30. H. H. Ceiley, superintendent; preaching service at 10:45.

ST. JOHN'S—EPISCOPAL.

Rev. C. M. Addison, Rector. Morning prayer and sermon 10:30; evening prayer and sermon 7:30; Sunday School at noon; Thos. B. Cotter, supt; James Wilson, Librarian.

PLEASANT STREET CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D., Pastor. Myron Taylor, Superintendent of Sunday School; Charles S. Parker, assistant; Edm. W. Noyes, secretary. Preaching service at 10:45; Sunday School at noon; services in the evening at 7:30 o'clock; Young Peoples' meeting at 6:30.

ST. MALACHY—CATHOLIC.

Rev. Matthew Harkins, Pastor. Rev. James J. O'Brien and Rev. J. W. Gallagher, Assistants. Low mass at 8 o'clock; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 4 p. m. Sunday school at 2:45, under the care of pastor and assistants.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Mrs. M. Fletcher, superintendent of S. S. Henry Swan, Miss L. J. Russell, assistants, Secretary, Miss Nellie Marston. Treasurer, Charles S. Richardson. Preaching service at 10:45; Sunday School at noon.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Union Hall, Arlington Heights. Rev. Frank I. Fisher, Pastor. Preaching at 10:45 a. m.; Praise service at 7 p. m.; Sunday School at noon. Geo. Y. Young, superintendent. Austin Sylvester, secretary and treasurer. Henry A. Kinder, Librarian.

SOCIETIES.

Hiram Lodge, F. A. M. Meets in Masonic Hall, corner Arlington Avenue and Medford street, Thursday on or before full moon each month. Edm. W. Noyes, W. M. Secretary, L. D. Bradley. Treasurer, George D. Tufts.

Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter. Meets in Masonic Hall, second Tuesday of each month. Charles H. Prentiss, H. P. Secretary, Joseph W. Whitaker. Treasurer, Wilson W. Fay.

Bethel Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F. Meets in Bank Building, corner Arlington Avenue and Pleasant street, every Wednesday evening. G. P. Peirce, N. G. Secretary, Chas. S. Richardson. Treasurer, William L. Clark.

Arlington Lodge, No. 584, K. of H. Meets in Reynolds Hall, second and fourth Mondays of each month. John H. Hardy, Dict. Reporter, I. O. Carter. Treasurer, R. W. Shattuck.

Frances Gould Post 36, G. A. R. Meet in Bethel Lodge room, Bank Building, second and fourth Thursdays of each month. John H. Hardy, Com. Adj't, C. S. Parker. Q. M. James A. Marden.

Ancient Order Hibernians. Meet in Hibernian Hall (old Adams School house), first Tuesday in each month, at eight o'clock, p. m. President, Patrick Corrigan. Timothy Shean, secretary. John McGrah, treasurer.

Ponemah Tribe, No. 9, Improved Order of Red Men. Meet in Menotomy Hall, Arlington Avenue, every Friday evening. James Durgin, Prophet; Wm. J. Dinsmore, Sachem; Albert E. Cotton, Chief of Records.

Robert Emmet Land League. Meet in Hibernian Hall the first and third Tuesdays in each month. Timothy O'Leary, president. Secretary, Charles T. Scannell. Treasurer, Matthew Rowe.

Mt. Horeb Lodge, No. 19, Order of American Orangemen. Meet in Menotomy Hall, Arlington Avenue, first and third Mondays of each month. Thomas Ross, W. M.; Geo. Reynolds, D. M.; W. J. Dinsmore, secretary; James Durgin, treasurer.

Catholic T. A. & B. Society. Meet in vestry of St. Malachy church first Sunday in each month. P. H. Byron, president. Secretary, John H. Byron. Treasurer, Michael E. O'Leary.

Arlington W. C. T. Union. Meet once in two weeks, on Friday, at the churches, alternating. Mrs. J. A. Bassett, president. Secretary, Mrs. Geo. C. Whittemore. Treasurer, Mrs. S. Stickney.

Cotting High School Alumni Association. Edgar Crosby, president. Secretary and treasurer, George H. Cutter.

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